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AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

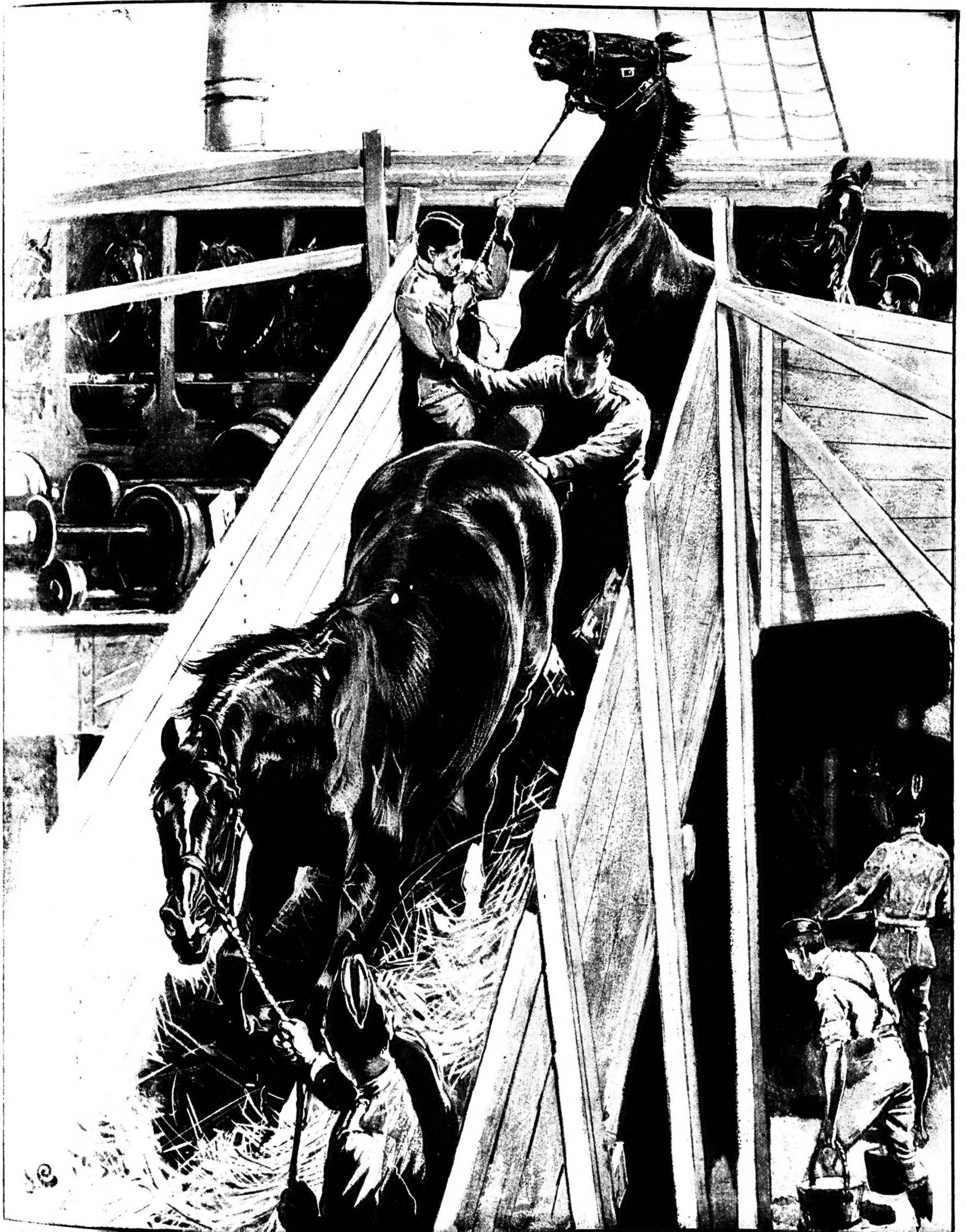
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DESIGNED BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

A LITTLE GENTLE PERSUASION: AN INCIDENT IN THE EMBARKATION OF THE AMMUNITION COLUMN ON THE SS. "GAIKA"

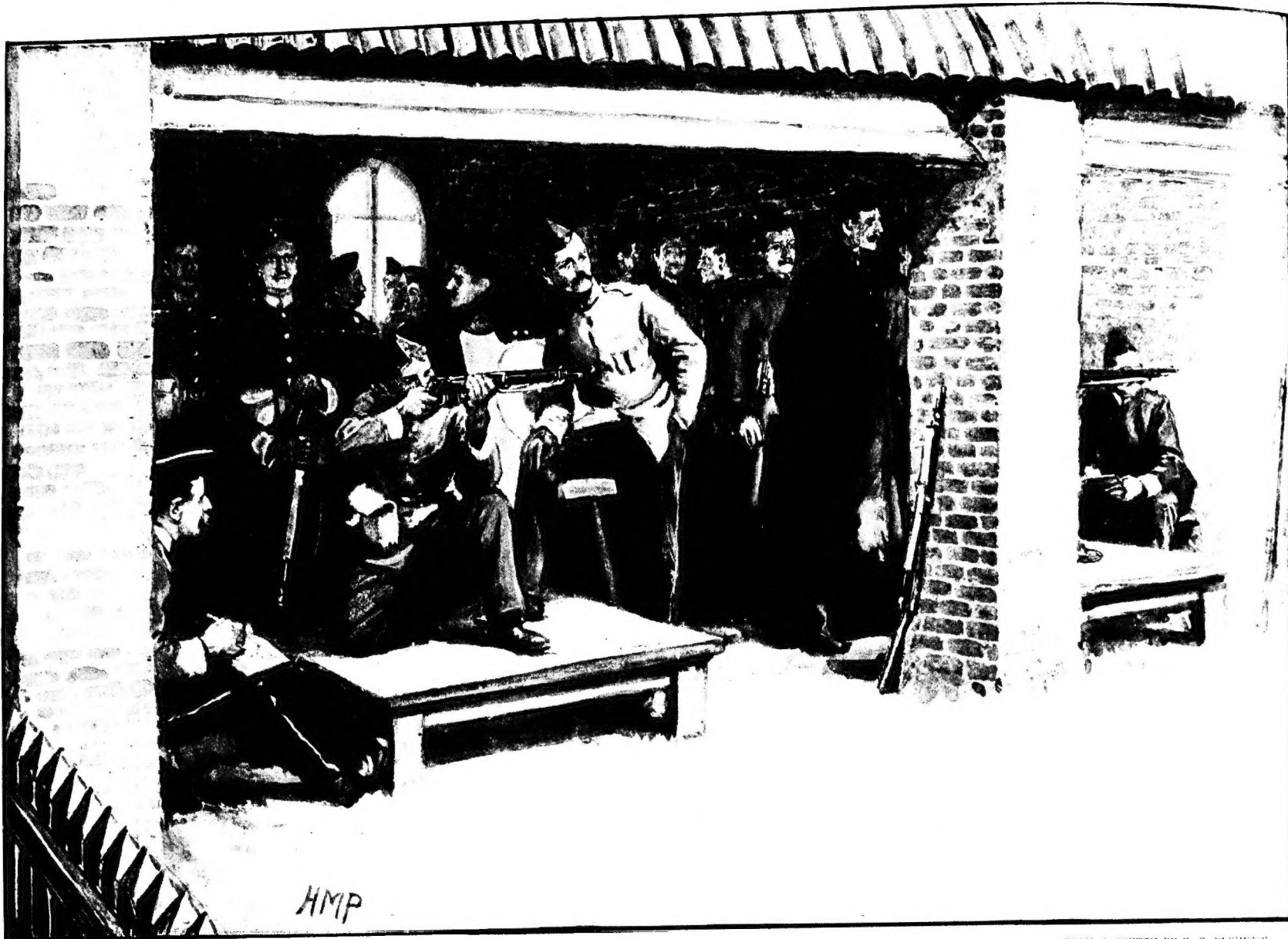
WAR PREPARATIONS: SHIPPING HORSES AT SOUTHAMPTON









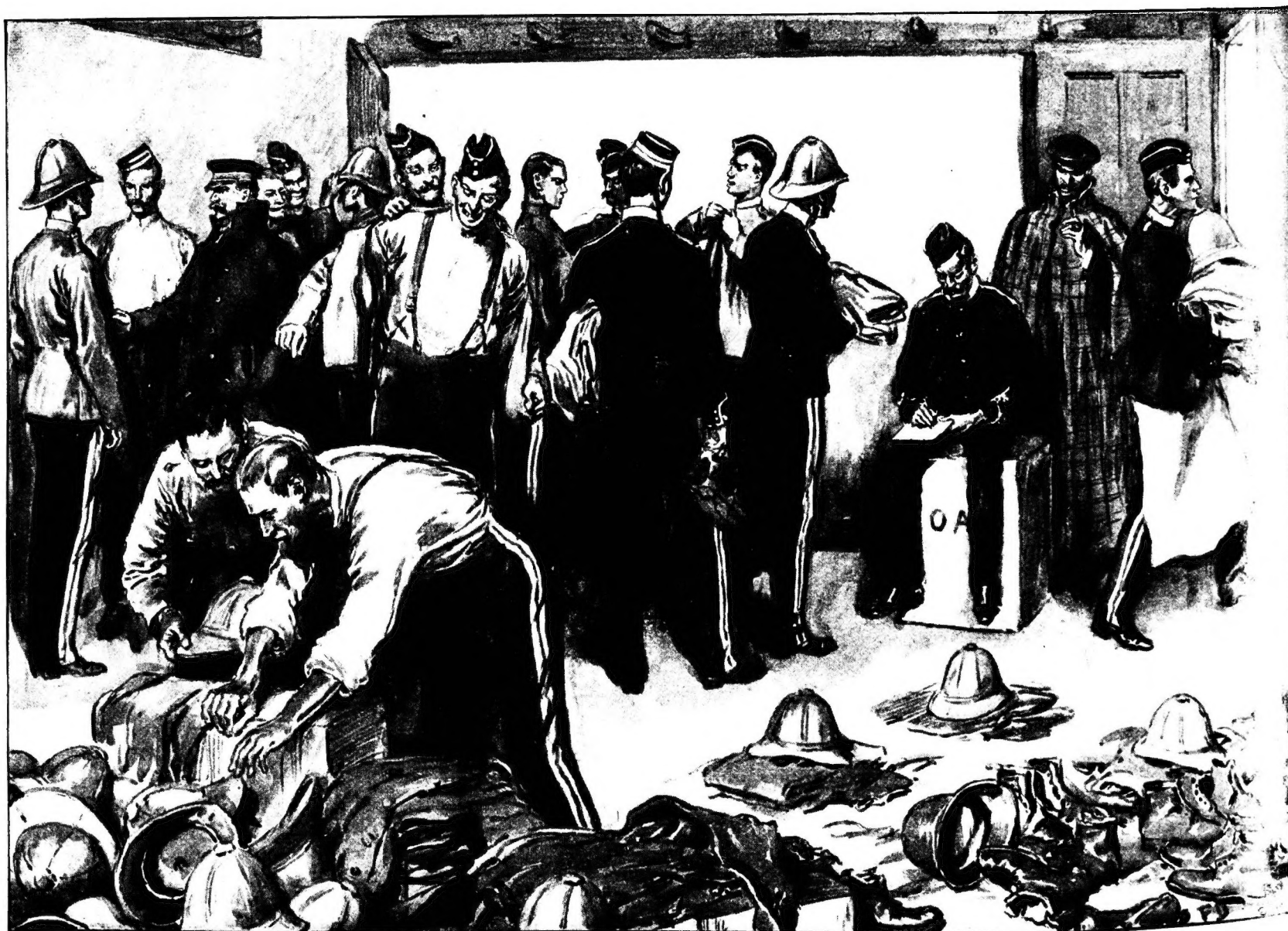


DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

The prospect of war in South Africa has given an impetus to recruiting all over the country, and no time is lost in making something like soldiers of the eager young men who present themselves

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA: RECRUITS AT RIFLE PRACTICE AT MILLDAM BARRACKS



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

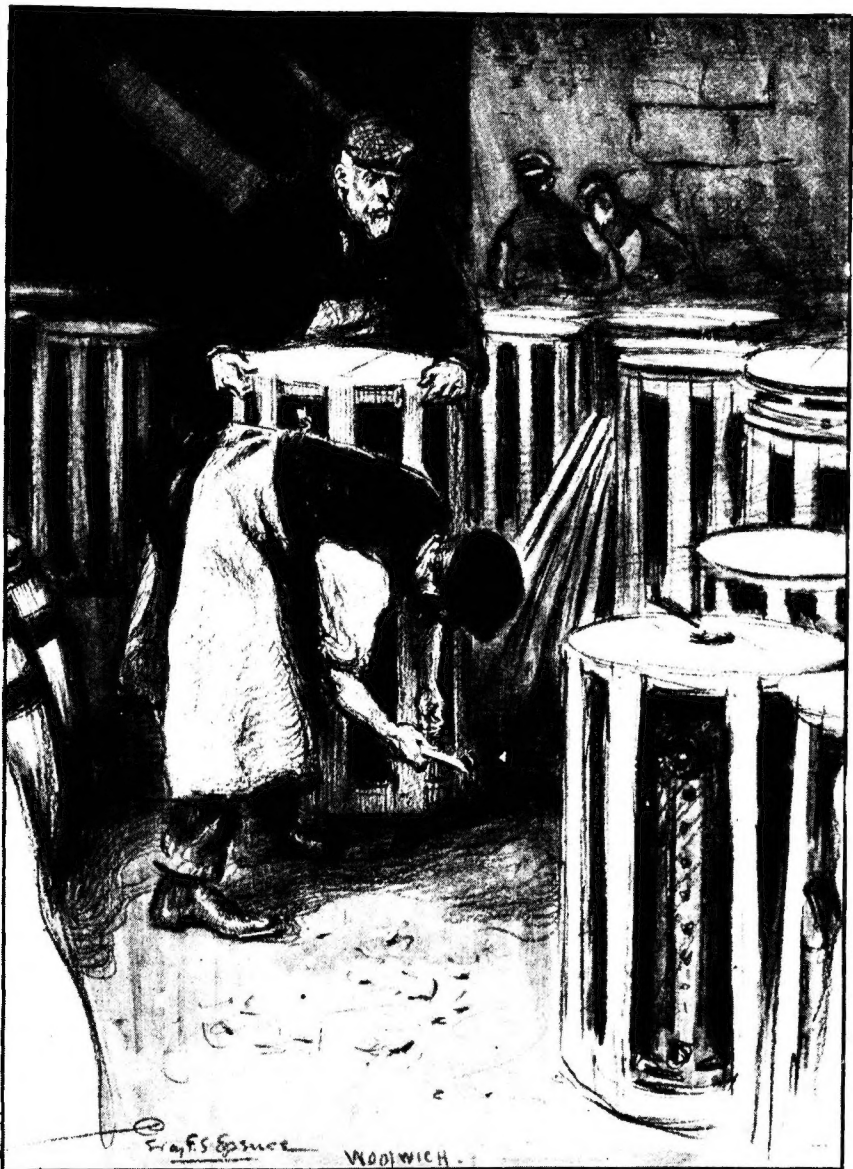
FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

OFF TO THE FRONT: FITTING SOLDIERS WITH KHAKI UNIFORMS IN COLWORT BARRACKS  
WAR PREPARATIONS: MILITARY ACTIVITY AT PORTSMOUTH





SENDING OFF CARTRIDGES FROM THE ARSENAL



PACKING CAMP STOVES

WAR PREPARATIONS: MILITARY ACTIVITY AT WOOLWICH

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



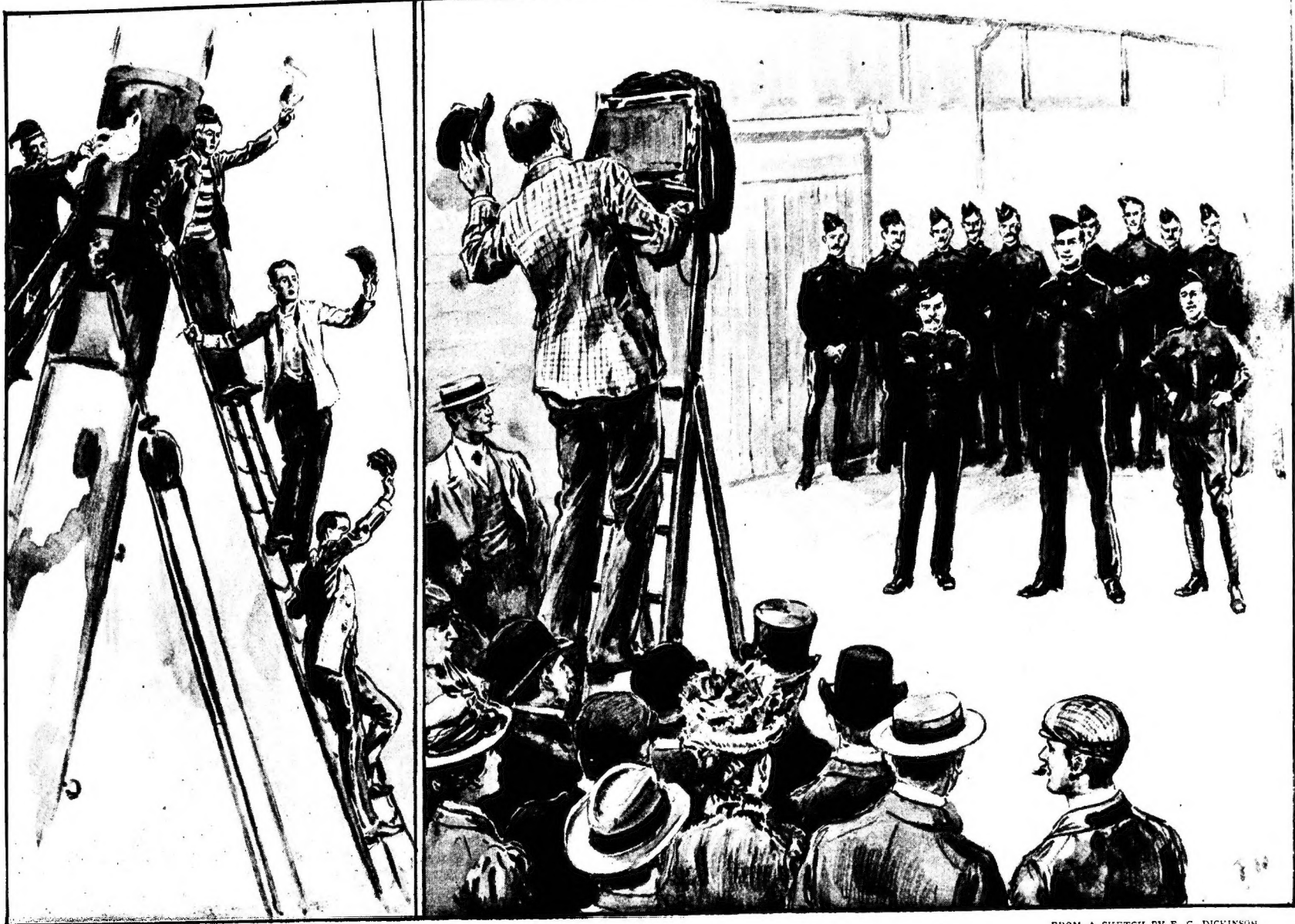
INSPECTION OF THE PRATER

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

The men, numbering 130, attached to No. 1 General Hospital Company for service in South Africa, were inspected for inspection at the Station Hospital, Portsmouth, before leaving. Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson, of the 1st Battalion, The Buffs, was in command. The men, who were drawn chiefly from the Southern District, and brought up to strength at Dover, were in marching order, with helmets covered with khaki. Surgeon-General

Cuffe, C.B., principal medical officer of the Southern District, first inspected the company, and afterwards they were visited by Lieutenant-General Sir Baker Russell, who approved of the fitness of the men for active service. The company embarked at Southampton on the *Braemar Castle*.

WAR PREPARATIONS: INSPECTION OF No. 1 GENERAL HOSPITAL COMPANY BEFORE EMBARKATION



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

The scene when the *Braemar Castle* left was one to be remembered. Visitors having said good-bye and gone ashore, the great vessel began to move. The crowd on the dockside cheered loudly, and the men on the ship returned the cheers, as they clustered to the side of the vessel fore and aft, and even in the ratlines.

Before the *Braemar Castle* left Southampton with her quota of troops for South Africa, the photographers who had come on board had a busy time. Everyone seemed to want his portrait in his fighting kit, but perhaps the most amusing group that was taken was one of Lieutenant-Colonel Winter, Major Hunt, and Captain Amey, all officers of the Army Service Corps. Captain Amey stands 6ft. 5½in. high in his socks; Colonel Winter and Major Hunt divide 10ft. 10in. between them.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

WAR PREPARATIONS: THE DEPARTURE OF THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE" FOR SOUTH AFRICA



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

WAR PREPARATIONS: A DETACHMENT OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS EMBARKING ON THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE"

FORTIFYING THEMSELVES FOR THE VOYAGE: THE LAST MEAL BEFORE SAILING FROM SOUTHAMPTON



Such, in brief outline, is the history of the organisation of this important branch of the British Army—a body of trained men of whom each man knows his exact place in peace or war and is carefully chosen to fill that place. For many years the Army Service Corps has had the unremitting attention of some of the best administrative officers in the kingdom, and nothing has been left undone to bring it to a high pitch of efficiency. The opportunity



Boers rode into Bloemfontein and made a prisoner of the British Resident and his small party, who were under the command of Lieutenant (now Sir George) Whitmore, and insisted on their quitting the country. They treated their prisoners with kindness and courtesy, conducting them some four or five days' march to the south, and only bidding them farewell when they had put them safely across the Orange River.

Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith, the hero of Aliwal, was at this time Governor of the Colony. He was not a man to tolerate for a moment any insult to the British flag. He ordered such troops as could be spared from Kaffraria to march at once for Ceresberg, a frontier town some fifteen miles south of the spot where Major Warden had crossed the river, while His Excellency travelled overland from Cape Town to take personal command himself.

At the end of three weeks the troops were encamped on the southern bank of the Orange River, facing the Boers, who were in considerable force on the opposite side.

Seeing the various reinforcements arriving, the Dutch suddenly abandoned their position in the night, and, to the general satisfaction of the English, left us unmolested to construct our rafts and pontoons, and cross the broad and running river.

Information had reached Sir Harry "that the Boer force of 1,000 men proposed to make a stand at a place called "Boom Plaats," on the Kroom Alem Boh River, a celebrated position for the interruption of a march. "Scarcely had the advanced party of reconnaissance arrived within shot, on the morning of the 29th when the Boers sprang up, like the men of Roderick Dhu, from behind bushes and rocks, every height was in an instant covered with them, and they opened a well-directed and very destructive fire."

"The position chosen was a succession of ridges of hills, on either side of the river, strongly undulating and covered with large stones and bush, altogether most formidable for defence. Its advance was formed by a lower range. The hills on the opposite side of the river, were much higher, and consequently *en potence*, and in support."

So confident was our commander that the Boers would never

fire on him, but that he had only to appear amongst them with a strong military force to arrange their grievances that the troops actually marched up under the position described without a single musket being loaded. For a moment there was considerable surprise at the fierce fire poured upon the front and right of the advancing columns from the three koppies crowned with Boers. Our men, however, never faltered for a moment, but immediately loaded, as it were by instinct, standing steadily, although the writer of the despatch says "a more rapid, fierce and well-directed fire than that kept up by the Boers, I have never seen maintained, and for some time they manfully held their ground, when a rush

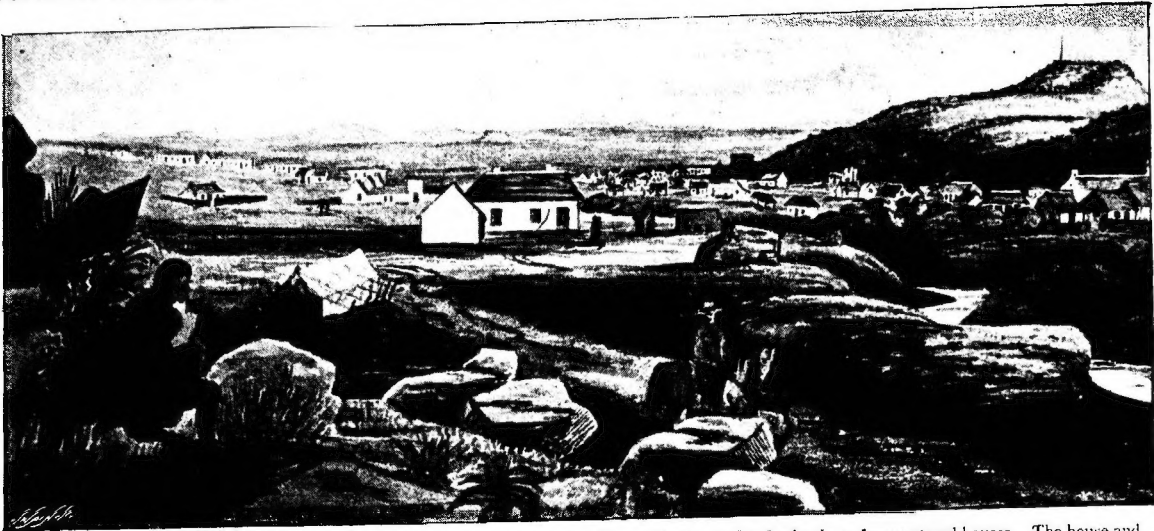
along the river. Thus our column extended into order of battle, whilst the Boers, pressing their little shooting party rapidly back across the river, where they took up a much stronger position on the other side. Here, for about an hour, the struggle of the engagement took place. The Boers were under great cover on a koppie stretching for some distance along their bank, and also the farmhouse at Boom Plaats, the orchard and an adjacent house on their extreme left. They fired across the river with great precision, whilst our men were kept lying down amongst the koppies on our side, thus giving the artillery time to shell it in position.

Several casualties occurred at this period. Colonel Buller, of the Rifle Brigade, was severely wounded whilst leading the men across the river, and was carried out of fire. Sir Harry Smith had his horse shot, and several officers and men were badly wounded, two of the former being killed. Sir Harry Smith, quickly perceiving the excellent shooting of the Boers, took off his hat, and along part of the English line, calling on the men to his bayonets and follow. The river was soon crossed, the koppies held by the Dutch ascended, when, reaching the top, the whole of their force were seen, to the great amusement of our men, scrambling along the open country behind the farmhouse, toward a road where the road to Bloemfontein crosses the mountain range of Boom Plaats.

"The Rebels (continues the despatch) thus driven at every point from their position endeavoured to make a final stand at the neck on the high ridge of hills behind. The guns and infantry were, however, advancing rapidly as the heat of the day would

permit, and the neck, the last hold of the Boers, was wrested from them.

Bloemfontein was re-occupied four days after the engagement. Pretorius, the President of the Boers, fled across the Vaal River. At Bloemfontein the Queen's fort was built by the troops before they returned to the Colony. The Orange River sovereignty was proclaimed British territory, and the wing of the 45th Regiment remained to garrison and protect the place, and the writer of this paper remained with his company for over a year, enjoying the delightful climate of a spot which has now become famous as the seat of the recent conference between the Dutch and English.



Bloemfontein in 1848, when recaptured by the English after the action at Boom Plaats, consisted of only a few scattered houses. The house and garden on the right belonged to Major Warden, the British Resident, whose being taken prisoner by the Boers led to the war in 1848. On the stone koppie above his house the Queen's Fort was constructed and armed with guns by the troops who fought under Sir Harry Smith at Boom Plaats. His Excellency detained the army for nearly a week to labour on the fort, and left the wing of the 45th Regiment (Sherwood Foresters) to garrison the place.

BLOEMFONTEIN, THE CAPITAL OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

Facsimile of a drawing made by a British officer after its recapture in 1848

of the Rifle Brigade upon their left flank, of the 45th Regiment upon their left centre, and the 91st, whom I now brought into action upon their right centre, carried everything before it, and gallantly dislodged the enemy." Such was the commencement of the conflict. Matters soon took, however, a more definite form, under the direction of such a skilful leader as Sir Harry Smith. The artillery, which at first opened fire on these koppies, now advanced from the plain. The Rifles worked round to the right, between the position they had taken and the river, which now came in view, whilst the 91st and Cape Mounted Rifles, stretching away on the plain to their left, seized the range of koppies



Our illustration shows the parallel system in which the streets were laid out. Above the town on a distant hill is Fort Napier

PIETERMARITZBURG, THE CAPITAL OF NATAL, AS IT WAS IN 1851

FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING BY A BRITISH OFFICER WITH SIR HARRY SMITH





BY W. SMALL

FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. DICKINSON

A SCENE ON BOARD THE SS. "GAIKA" AT SOUTHAMPTON DURING THE EMBARKATION OF A DETACHMENT OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS  
"JEALOUSY"

## ON THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE": A HIGHLAND SEND-OFF





A detachment of New South Wales Lancers, who have been training at Aldershot for the past six months, have volunteered for service in South Africa, left Aldershot early on Tuesday morning and proceeded by train to Waterloo. Then they marched, headed by the band of the Grenadiers and the fife of the 1st Battalion of that regiment, through the City to Fenchurch Street Station, whence they traveled to Southampton to embark on the ss. *Nineveh* for the Cape. Everywhere, at Aldershot, at Waterloo, and on the

march, the Colonials were greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. On the route from Waterloo to Fenchurch Street large crowds had assembled to greet them, in spite of the fog that prevailed, and the cheering was loud and incessant. At the Mansion House they were addressed by the Lord Mayor, who called them "our brave brothers," and heartily wished them "Godspeed." Our illustration shows the Lancers approaching the Mansion House.

OFF TO THE FRONT FROM OLD ENGLAND: THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS PASSING THROUGH THE CITY

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR W. P. SYMONS  
Commanding 4th Division Natal Field Force



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE S. WHITE  
Commanding Natal Field Force



MAJOR-GEN. SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER  
Chief of Staff to Sir Redvers Buller



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR F. FORESTIER WALKER  
In command in Cape Colony



COLONEL J. WOLFE MURRAY  
Employed on Line of Communications



LIEUT.-COLONEL R. G. KEKEWICH  
Commanding 1st Loyal N. Lancashire Regiment



COLONEL E. M. H. DOWNING  
Commanding the Artillery in Natal



MAJOR F. HAMMERSLEY  
On Special Service



MAJOR-GENERAL J. J. FRENCH  
Commanding Cavalry Division



COLONEL J. F. BROCKLEHURST  
To command 3rd Cavalry Brigade in Natal



LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR H. S. RAWLINSON  
D.A.A.G. on Sir G. White's Staff



PRINCE CHRISTIAN VICTOR OF  
SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN  
On Special Service



LIEUT.-COLONEL G. G. C. MONEY  
Commanding 1st Northumberland Fusiliers



CAPTAIN R. G. ...  
A.D.C. to Sir G. White



LIEUT.-COLONEL EYRE CRABBE  
Commanding 3rd Grenadiers, forming part of  
Guards' Brigade scheduled for Service



COLONEL SPRECKLEY  
To join Colonel Plumer's Column



COLONEL E. W. D. WARD  
Special Service—Supply and Transport



COLONEL R. S. BADEN-POWELL  
Who has raised a Regiment of Light Horse



COLONEL PLUMER  
Who raised a Special Service Column

OFF TO THE FRONT: SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL BRITISH OFFICERS



Off to the front

On the arrival of General Buller and the massing of the expeditionary force the two most important sub-commands in Africa are those of Cape Colony and Natal, of which has been transferred from Sir Buller to Sir F. Forestier Walker, and General Buller, is rich in experience of African warfare. He was military secretary to Arthur Cunynghame during the Kaffir War. Again, in the Zulu Campaign of 1879 he was employed as principal staff officer to the first command at the action of Inzane and during the capture of Ekowe. Later he commanded Fort Tlokoeng and the lower Tugela district. In the Expedition of 1884-85 he was Assistant-Quartermaster-General to Sir Charles Warren; and in 1889 he commanded a brigade at Aldershot, and from 1890 to 1895 he commanded the troops in Egypt. He comes of a fighting family, does General Walker, his grand-uncle having commanded a brigade in the Peninsula and distinguished himself at the storming of Badajoz. And Cape he will decidedly be the right man in the right place.

And will Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Stewart White of Natal, where he has been appointed to the command of the troops now assembling there. He is not to supersede the present command in Natal, Major-General Sir W. P. Symons, K.C.B., but will, nevertheless, be superior to him while taking his own orders from Sir Redvers Buller, the Generalissimo of the South African Army, and of this army it is the Natal contingent which would naturally have to bear the brunt of the first fighting with the Boers. Sir George White has a service record of brilliancy second to none—a record which may be said to have begun in the Gordon Highlanders, a couple of whose companies, with Hector Macdonald among them, suffered so severely at Majaba Hill; and to Natal accordingly Sir George has gone out with the sweetly consoling conviction that if the mills of vengeance grind slowly, they grind exceedingly surely and small. In Afghanistan Major White won his V.C. by storming



GETTING POLES READY FOR THE HOSPITAL MARQUEES

a hill-top at the head of a handful of the "gay Gordons," and shooting down the hostile leader with his own hand. He commanded a brigade in Burmah, served in the Nile Expedition of 1894, and has seen active service in various other fields. Eventually he rose to be Commander-in-Chief in India, and on returning home served as Quartermaster-General until he was appointed to the command of Gibraltar—a command which he will resume after the Transvaal Campaign is over. He is only sixty-four, and though he has never yet "soldiered" in South Africa, he may be depended on to give an account of himself there worthy of the reputation he has acquired in India, which is, after all, the best of all our military schools.

Nor could a better appointment as Chief of Staff been made than that of Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter, who was Lord Kitchener's right-hand man in Egypt, and for fourteen years was in the front of all the fighting in the Sudan, either as intelligence officer, military governor, or divisional commander. "In all he is and does," writes one who knows him well, "he is the true knight-errant—a paladin drifted into his wrong century. He is one of those happy men whom nature has made all in one piece—consistent, simple, unvarying; everything he does is just like him. He is short and thick-set, but that, instead of making him unromantic, only draws your eye to his long sword. From the feather in his helmet to the spurs on his heels he is all energy and dancing triumph. Every movement is vivacious, and he walks with his keen, conquering hazel eyes looking out and upward like an eagle's."

A considerable force of cavalry is already mustering in Natal, and to the command thereof there has been appointed Major-General J. D. F. French, who has for some time commanded the cavalry brigade at Aldershot, and is regarded as one of our very best *beaux sabreurs*. He served in the Nile Expedition of 1884-85 with his regiment, the 19th (Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars, and was present at the actions of Abu Klea and Metemneh. His present appointment to Natal has been hailed with satisfaction and confidence by all who know him. Like Sir Evelyn Wood, General French commenced his service in the Navy, and after a turn in the



PACKING HOSPITAL MARQUEES FOR TRANSPORT

PREPARING FOR WAR AT WOOLWICH

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



MAJ.-GEN. SIR W. F. GATACRE  
Commanding 3rd Division of 1st Army Corps



MAJ.-GEN. A. FITZROY HART  
Commanding 5th Brigade (3rd Division)



MAJ.-GEN. SIR H. E. COLVILLE  
Commanding 1st Brigade (1st Division)



MAJ.-GEN. H. J. T. HILDYARD  
Commanding 2nd Brigade (1st Division)



LIEUT.-GEN. LORD METHUEN  
Commanding 1st Division of 2nd Army Corps

Militia at last found his true *metier* in the 8th Hussars, from which he passed to the 19th. His Brigadiers (with the local rank of Major-General) will be Colonel Babington, 16th Lancers, who served with the Bechuanaland expedition in 1884-85, and Colonel Brabazon, 4th Hussars, A.D.C. to the Queen, who distinguished himself in the Soudan.

As for the other arms, Colonel E. M. H. Downing is to command the Artillery; Colonel Elliot Wood, C.B., now at Aldershot, the Royal Engineers; Lieutenant Colonel Alderson, Royal West Kent Regiment, D.A.A.G. Aldershot, the Mounted Infantry; while Colonel J. Wolfe Murray has been selected for prominent service on the lines of communication in Natal. Since March he has been at the head of the Intelligence Branch on the staff of General Sir W. Lockhart, Commander-in-Chief in India.

As it was an ideal appointment to the command of the Army of South Africa, that of General Sir Redvers Buller—of whom we gave a character-sketch last week—so equal judgment has been displayed by our Military Board in the selection of the command of *personnel* and staff of the First Army Corps. The three Lieutenant-Generals of Divisions are Lord Methuen, Sir C. F. Clery, and Sir W. F. Gatacre. Well-known to Londoners as having commanded the Home District for several years, Lord Methuen is a soldier of great accomplishments, quick decision and prompt execution. He has seen active service in Ashantee and in Egypt (1882), while in the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85, he raised and commanded with much success a body of horse named after himself. He has, therefore, like his chief, Sir Redvers Buller, the great advantage of knowing something of the country and the people with whom he will have to cope. As for Sir C. F. Clery, he is a standard writer on tactics, and what he preaches in the study he has seen practised in the field. Moreover, he knows South Africa well, having served in the Zulu War of 1879, as well as in the Egyptian Campaigns of 1882 and 1884-5. As for Sir W. F. Gatacre, his brilliant services in the Chitral campaign, and at the Atbara and Omdurman, are of too recent date to need recapitulation.

Sir Redvers Buller's six brigadiers are Major-Generals Sir H. E. Colville (Guards' Brigade), who is well known in connection with his Uganda work, as well as with the Egyptian Campaigns from 1884 to 1886; Hildyard, who is a highly educated officer and a practised leader; Wauchope, who commanded the Highland Brigade at Omdurman, and has otherwise a brilliant record of service extending back to our first Ashantee Expedition; Neville Lytton, who also figured prominently at Omdurman; Fitzroy Hart, who has been in the midst of most of our fighting for the last thirty years; and Barton, to whom the same remark applies for the period from Ashantee to the Soudan. The 7th Brigade, forming part of the Natal Field Force, will be commanded by Colonel F. Howard, and the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, also thereto appertaining, by Colonel Brocklehurst, late in command of the "Blues," an Equerry to the Queen in the room of the late Earl of Strafford.

A very large number of officers, mostly Staff College men, have been selected for service in South Africa; and this week we give the portraits of some of them, including—besides several of those already mentioned—Captain R. G. Brooke, D.S.O., 7th Hussars, Aide-de-Camp to General White; Major Hammersley, Lancashire Fusiliers, D.A.A.G.; Colonel Sir H. Rawlinson, Bart., 2nd Coldstream Guards, D.A.A.G.; Colonel E. W. D. Ward, Hon. Sec. to the Royal Military Tournament, Supply and Transport Service; Colonel Kekewich, commanding 1st Loyal North Lancashire Regiment; and Major Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein, 4th King's Royal Rifles,

a grandson of the Queen, and one of the most eager officers in the Service. With the force of all arms which are now in South Africa—sixteen battalions of infantry, twenty batteries of artillery, and eight regiments of cavalry, aggregating, say, 20,000 men—in Natal and

to be well able to make head against a Boer invasion, though, of course, it will be impossible, or at least inadvisable, for us to assume the offensive pending the arrival in South Africa of the whole or part of the Army Corps of 52,000 men now in course of mobilisation in England—an arrival which can scarcely be expected before some time in December. The Boers well know that their only possible chance is to try conclusions with us in Natal before the arrival of our Army Corps, but the chance is a desperate one at the best.

It is very difficult even now, when the Boers have rushed to arms, to form anything like a correct estimate of the united fighting force of the two Dutch Republics. But, according to all appearances, it would probably not amount to more than 35,000 men; and with twice that number of British soldiers in the field our march to Pretoria ought to resolve itself into a walk over—the more so as the boasted bravery of the Boers would appear to have now degenerated into brutality of the most revolting kind to Outlander women and children.

It is probable that before these lines reach the eyes of our readers,

the Boers will have invaded Natal in force and are in collision with our troops. But there need be no fear for the result, seeing that Sir George White has now at his disposal a British force of all arms, ample enough for the defence of that province, while the troops in Cape Colony itself, and on the Bechuanaland side of the Orange, ought also to be strong enough to hold their ground against all aggression in that quarter.

#### HOW THE ARMY RESERVE IS CALLED UP

The manner in which such mobilisation as that contemplated upon is effected is very much as follows:—On the publication of the Queen's Proclamation "to her faithful subjects," every man who has served each man on his rolls a notice by post directing him to report himself without delay at a certain military station. These warrants are accompanied in each case by a postal order for £5 to meet immediate necessities, and a railway ticket. On receipt thereof, the men concerned proceed to the appointed rendezvous (on all probability the depo. of their former corps), where they are inspected by the officer in command. By him they are then issued out with the necessary clothing and equipment, and made ready to join their late battalion or unit. At least this is the theory of the scheme; its practice, of course, depends on the precise amount of co-operation afforded it by the Reservists referred to. In proportion as these neglect to carry out their instructions, so will the effective strength of the mobilisation resolved upon be decreased. Some measures, however, are taken by the authorities to discourage renegades, and, on apprehension, they render themselves liable to be dealt with as deserters. For such persons an official schedule of pains and penalties has been drawn up that is scarcely calculated to afford any pronounced stimulus to desertion.

Since the inauguration of the system by which we have an Army Reserve to draw upon in time of necessity, the first mobilisation has scarcely ever been seriously applied thereto—any more not to the extent at present contemplated. Some sixteen years ago, however, when our political relations with the Transvaal were strained, a partial mobilisation took place. Nevertheless a parallel cannot well be drawn between the results then obtained and those that may fairly be expected just now, for in 1883 the numerical strength of the Reserve forces was not to be compared with that at which it stands to-day. Indeed, the total at the present time is only about 15,000 men, while in the present year of 1899 it is not far short of seven times as many.

The services of these Reservists above mentioned will be mobilised in "stiffening" the different battalions or other units of the Army. For this purpose such reinforcement should be available. Of course the mobilisation requires a little time before the men get into their places, and a brief spell of civilian life is somewhat apt to be a hindrance to military efficiency. A week or two of discipline will effect a balance.

Our portraits of the front are by the artist Mr. H. J. T. Hildyard, C.B., who has been in the midst of most of our fighting for the last thirty years; and Barton, to whom the same remark applies for the period from Ashantee to the Soudan. The 7th Brigade, forming part of the Natal Field Force, will be commanded by Colonel F. Howard, and the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, also thereto appertaining, by Colonel Brocklehurst, late in command of the "Blues," an Equerry to the Queen in the room of the late Earl of Strafford.



MAJ.-GEN. THE HON. N. G. LYTTON  
Commanding 4th Brigade (2nd Division)



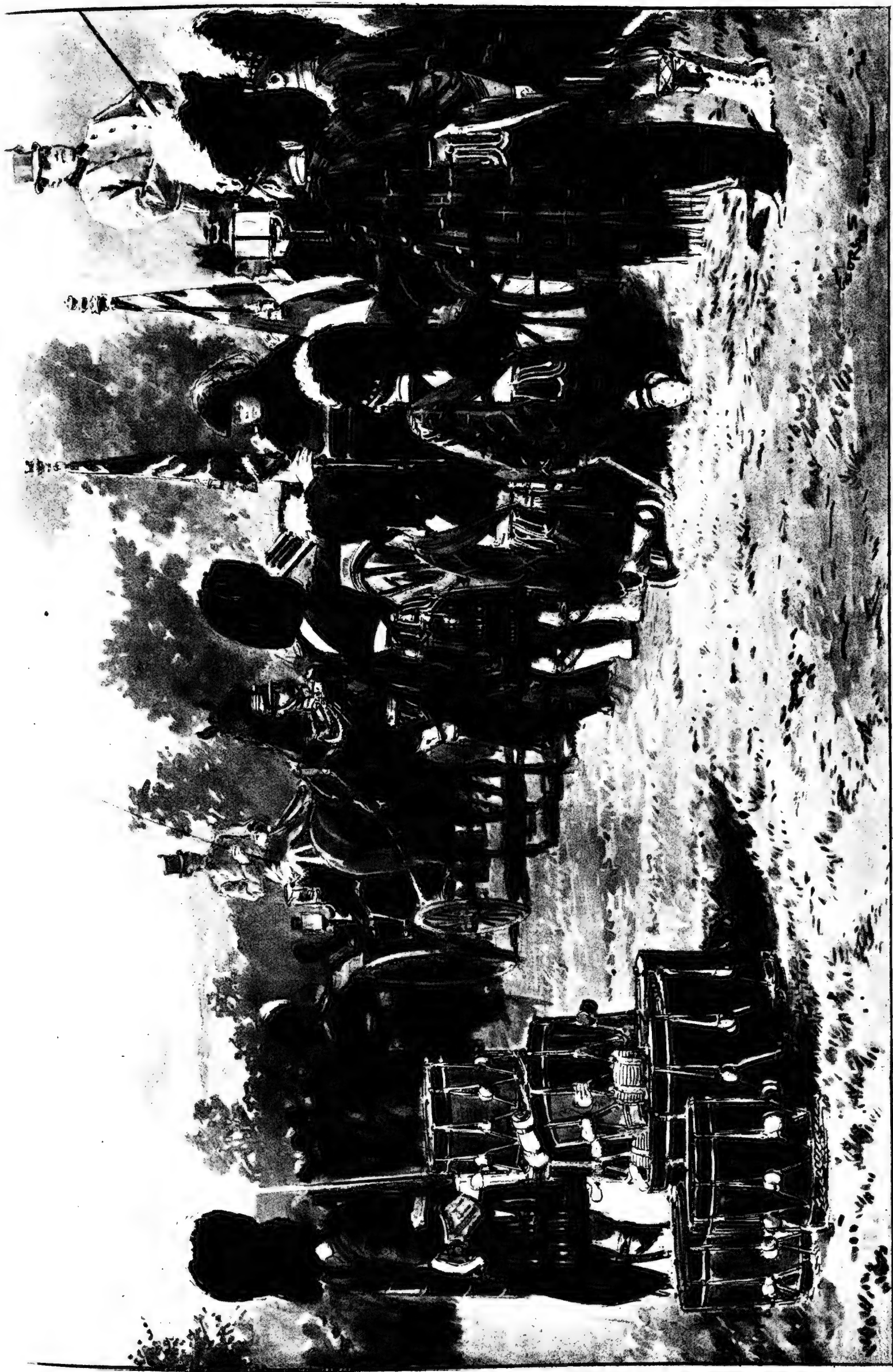
DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. G. STEER

A man named Bain, who claims to represent the "Labour" party, called a meeting in the Market Square to protest against Great Britain's interference in the affairs of the Transvaal. At the appointed time he arrived, accompanied by the Town Commandant and the member for Johannesburg in the Second Raad, the now notorious Viljoen. A large crowd of Englishmen were present. Bain was received with showers of potatoes and eggs, and eventually, after a hand-to-hand fight between his supporters and opponents, had to beat a hasty retreat. In the meantime a body of police arrived, and charged the assembled crowds with swords drawn, trampling on inoffensive men and women. The greatest indignation has been aroused by the incident.

JOHANNESBURG DURING THE CRISIS: RIOT AT A PRO-BOER MEETING





DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT

Her Majesty presented new colours to the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders (the old 78th) at Balmoral. A detachment of 300 officers and men, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Hughes Hallett, proceeded by train to Balmoral. The ceremony took place on the lawn in front of the Castle. With the Queen were Princess Henry of Battenberg and her three children, and

the three children of the Duke and Duchess of York. Her Majesty on driving up was received with a Royal salute. The old colours, having been trooped and taken to the rear, and the new colours placed against the drums piled in front of the battalion, prayer of consecration was offered by the chaplain of the regiment. Major Mackenzie and Captain Rutherford Clark then

offered the new colours to the Queen, and Her Majesty in turn handed them to Lieutenants Grant and Lindsay, who received them on bended knee

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. MILNE, DALLATER

THE QUEEN PRESENTING NEW COLOURS TO THE 2ND BATTALION SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS AT BALMORAL



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY H. E. J. J. J.

It is a common sight in Pretoria to see a gang of convicts at work in the streets. The men are guarded by a white warder armed with a revolver, and accompanied by a Kaffir policeman armed with a rifle. The white prisoners are comfortably clad, and wear ordinary clothes, good felt hats and flannel shirts, not of

uniform pattern. The blacks wear convict dress, marked conspicuously with a number. Again, the whites are not compelled to shave

AN EXAMPLE OF BOER JUSTICE: A CONVICT GANG AT WORK IN THE STREETS OF PRETORIA



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. J. J.

The question is asked, not without some reason, what will the native population do when Briton and Boer are engaged in a deadly conflict with each other. Will they help either side? Boers are notoriously cruel to the blacks. On the other hand, we have done our best to civilise the natives whom we have

subjugated. Our illustration, which is a contrast to the one above it, illustrates the marriage of a Boer daughter, according to Christian rites

BRITISH INFLUENCE AMONG THE NATIVES IN SOUTH AFRICA: A WEDDING IN NATIVE HIGH LIFE IN ZULULAND





"'It is one thing only,' repeated Winefred, looking straight at the widow. 'What did you say to the gentleman in a foreign language?'"

# WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### A CHARIOT DRIVE

"Mamma, the chariot is at the door."  
"Blessed be the day," said Winefred, "I ordered it for three o'clock."  
"It is a fine stroke," said Jesse.  
"Dear me, the clock has stopped. Jesse, you forgot to wind it."  
"I did not know it was my duty, mother."  
"It is your duty when I forget to do it. I shall be ready in five minutes. Winefred—I understand that is your Christian name, and I shall call you by it—we will drop formality, and no more of those 'Miss Holwood—I will show you Bath, or the Bath as it is called to be called.'"  
"And where was the celebrated pill compounded?"  
"My dear mother," Tomkin-Jones rose to her full height, "I hate profligacy. I am sure that your father wrote out the prescription, if you do not mind your days may be long in the land. Now Winefred, put on your things. Sylvana, are you coming?"  
"No, thank you, not if I am to sit with my back to the horses."  
"You are a breeding child. A visitor, of course, sits beside me."  
"I know, mamma, therefore I decline."  
"You will go, Jesse?"  
"Yes, mamma, and show to the admiring visitor the City of Dreadful Night, and of Tomkin-Jones."  
"My dear mother, how flippant!"  
In a quarter of an hour the ladies were ready, and descended to the carriage.

This was a somewhat battered conveyance, let by the hour, drawn by a horse that had known better days, as had the chariot and the driver. The steed leaned forward, so that but for the counterpoise of the carriage he would have fallen headlong on his nose.  
Thinking that the general aspect of the conveyance, driver and steed, left something to be desired, Mrs. Tomkin-Jones said in her grandest manner, "Everything may not be quite as might be desired, but I study safety above all else. It is my first consideration, and if one is compelled to sacrifice appearances to that!"—she shrugged her shoulders—"I can rely on this chariot. The horse I have known never to fall, though it sometimes coughs. The coachman I knew by long acquaintance—I mean employment—as one who does not drink. One cannot be too cautious. An inebriate driver, even with the most sober horse, may do terrible things. Moreover, Baker is attached to the family by cords of gratitude, as he was attended in a case of considerable internal complication by my dear husband. The horse has good blood in him. Observe the nose and the hanging under lip—it was a characteristic of Charles the Fifth. Will you favour me by stepping in. The cushions and lining have a smell—a mouldy, damp, strange savour, but it is wholesome, and was particularly recommended by the dear doctor in cases of hay fever—from which I suffer."  
Winefred had never sat in any other carriage than a carrier's van or a mail-coach, and she was in no mood to note the defects in that she now entered.  
Her heart swelled with pride. She was made much of, was indulged, treated with some deference. She had passed into a new world in which the atmosphere was new. She was away from the suspicion, slander of Axmouth. She would not have been a woman and young not to have felt elated at the thought that she

was rich, and on account of her riches was respected. Yet withal she was uneasy at her surroundings, so different from any wherewith she had been acquainted, and she was afraid of exposing her ignorance.  
Her mother had so often and so earnestly commented to her on lack of social culture as having been the cause of her own undoing, as having blasted her entire life, that Winefred, standing at the threshold of a new career in which this great desideratum was to be acquired, felt timorous, lest she should make some great mistake, commit some solecism at the outstart.  
"Hah!" said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, throwing herself back in the chariot, "there passed my Lady Vire de Vette. How unfortunate that she was looking in the wrong direction and did not catch my eye and my greeting."  
"Mamma," said Jesse, "there is Aunt Jose on the footway, shall we take her up?"  
Mrs. Tomkin-Jones did not hear her. She was studying the chimney tops of the houses on the opposite side of the street, and so failed to see Mrs. Jose.  
"Baker!" said the lady, "drive to Miss Prance, the milliner." Then half to Jesse, half to Winefred, "It is essential that we get our dear child equipped properly. Then we will go on to the mercers."  
Winefred looked from side to side with undisguised admiration. She saw Mrs. Jose, caught her eye, and smiled and signed to her. So also Jesse, who kissed her hand.  
"The Abbey," said Mrs. Jones. "My dear doctor, of whom I am the relict, lies there. He has a suitable, elegant monument. So also does Captain Shadrach Jones, his father—also with a neat memorial. Perhaps you would like to see them? Baker!"  
"No, mamma," said Jesse, "it is the possessed with devils who frequent tombs."

"My dear, don't be irreverent." But she did not insist on dismounting at the Abbey. Presently the widow said, "I presume that the creature chose those dresses for you."

"What creature?"

"The woman, you know."

"What woman? Do you mean Mrs. Jose?"

"Mrs. Jose! O dear, no. She is not a creature or a woman, but a distant relative—very distant—of ours. I mean that individual, person, nurse—whatever she was who looked after you in your childhood."

"Oh! My mother!"

"Well, yes, that worthy being whom you have been accustomed to so designate. Ancient domestics of that description are estimable and, up to a certain point, useful; but beyond that point are liable to become insufferable nuisances. It is so difficult to get them to realise what is their proper place. They want that delicacy of intuition which should show them when to fall into the rear because no longer wanted. They are given to presume and become intolerable. It was high time for you to dissociate yourself from an individual of this description. You must excuse my frankness, but association with such a *personale* has already infected your intonation. In a few years it would have been hopeless to have attempted to eradicate it. Happily, at your years, the vocal organs are still flexible and the ear has not been deformed. Yet dialect is not to be got rid of as easily as an unbecoming and unfashionable suit of clothes. We shall have to exert every effort on our part, meeting with response from you, to master this defect. What was the name of that woman?"

Winefred's face became crimson. She moved uneasily on the seat. All her pleasure in the drive and at the novelty of the scenes was gone. Jesse, sitting opposite, misinterpreted her distress and attributed it to the references made by her mother to Winefred's provincial dialect and unfashionable gown. But such reflections in no way wounded the girl. That which troubled her was the slighting reference to her mother. She would have burst forth in vindication of one who was inexpressibly dear to her, but was restrained by recollection of the urgency of her mother, and of Mrs. Jose, not to allow herself to be drawn into a revelation of the true connection that existed between them. She was quite aware of the delicacy and difficulty of her situation. She passed under one name, her mother under another, and the circumstances were too obscure for her to be able to explain how this was.

Happily the current of Mrs. Tomkin-Jones's thoughts was diverted. She turned to Winefred and said with solemnity, "We are now approaching—look on the right. You will see a chemist's establishment, with the Royal arms above the shop window, and the inscription accompanying it, 'By Royal Appointment.' It was there that the celebrated pill—"

"I thought as much," said Jesse, interrupting her mother, "the bread pills were certain to be rolled forth."

"Bread pills, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones indignantly; "your lamented father was not the man to prescribe bread to Royalty. I do not relish this tone. Had it not been for professional rivalry, your father would have had a baronetcy conferred on him, and I should have been Lady Tomkin-Jones. The pills did it."

"Kather, they did not do it," asserted the irrepressible Jesse.

Mrs. Tomkin-Jones drew her lips together as though about to whistle. This was expressive of indignation. She said no more on the matter, but sighed.

The lady was wont to sigh when her mental corns were trodden on.

She had stiffened her back in pride as she approached the chemist's shop. It became stiffer with indignation at her daughter's levity and lack of reverence. But the shop passed, she relaxed, and sank back into a dignified position, and said, "Ah! by the way, what is her name?"

"Whose name?"

"That of the domestic."

"Do you mean, ma'am, my—"

"For heaven's sake do not address me as ma'am."

"What shall I say—Mrs. Tomkin-Jones?"

"That is almost worse; it stamps a person at once. Only servants of lodging-house type address one thus. Neither, if you please."

"I will try to recollect."

"What was the name of the nurse?"

"Marley—Mrs. Marley."

"And I presume, you have fallen into the habit of calling her mother or mamma?"

"I did not fall into it, I grew up with it."

"Most reprehensible, but under the circumstances explicable and excusable. That sort of female is given to presume and push, and requires to be taught its place. I have little doubt she did her utmost to spoil you."

Winefred was choking; anger, resentment swelled her heart.

"That sort of female," said Winefred in a quivering voice, "is one to love and reverence."

Jesse saw that something had gone wrong. She touched her mother with her foot and shook her head.

"Well, it is flattering to the self-esteem of individuals of an inferior order to have a child of good blood and name in their charge and to be able to attach it to them. But you ought to have called her Marley, or nurse—no more."

The tears filled the girl's eyes, the colour rose and fell in her cheeks as mercury in a barometer before a hurricane.

Jesse, who saw her distress, and was vexed with her mother, said, so as to produce a diversion, "Now, mother, the story of the pills—anything but this Catechism on your Duty to your Inferiors."

"No, my dear, I will not tell the story of the pills, as you so pertly call it. The narrative touches the Crown, and whatever touches the Crown should be treated with respect, even if its association with the name of your august father did not exact that it should be approached with decorum. Oh! there is Frank Wardroper! Here! Baker! stay! I wish to speak with a gentleman."

Then signing to a young man irreproachably dressed, she turned to Winefred, and said in a low tone, "Son of Sir Barnaby Wardroper, you know. I will introduce him. An eligible acquaintance."

The chariot was arrested, and to the signalling of the gloved

hand and bobbing head, the youth approached with raised hat and graceful bow.

After the usual salutations had been interchanged, with remarks on the weather and inquiries that were mutual as to health—

"Allow me, my dear Mr. Frank, to introduce you to a charming friend from the green lanes of old England, a flower from its most rural nooks. Mr. Wardroper, my dear Miss Holwood, Mr. Frank Wardroper; belongs, you know, to that delightful family, the Finnboroughs—allied that is. So unfortunate that the Viscount has left Bath; he and Lady Finnborough would have been so charmed, you know. My dear Mr. Frank"—aside into his ear, but audible to Winefred—"an heiress, daughter—sole child of the Governor-General of—I forget—one of our most vast and important Colonial possessions—a veritable gold mine."

Then she pursed up her lips, winked and nodded, and made symbolic gestures with her hands and parasol, as though unfurling something—the rent roll of Winefred, and pouring forth something, the plunder of the Colony of Terra del Fuego.

"By the way, Mr. Frank Wardroper, you are a man of exquisite taste, you know, and, I wonder, I wonder now, whether you could be induced by any poor words of mine to take a seat in our equipage, beside Jesse, and accompany us. In fact, positively, we are going to the milliner's and dressmaker's to rehabilitate my dear little country friend here, and you are such a judge, have so fine a perception in colour and cut, such tact as to fit, that I feel we should acquire an incalculable advantage could we secure your opinion."

"Delighted," said Mr. Wardroper.

The steps were let down, and the young exquisite, who was such a connoisseur in dress, was admitted to the carriage.

"Between you, me and the post," said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, setting up the stick of her parasol beside her mouth, "my country friend here has been allowed to run wild in the hedges like a rose of June. Her distinguished father is a widower, involved in diplomacy and all that, you know, and quite unable to attend to her education. She has been left too much in the hands of vulgar domestics, and—well, you know the result. Des lacunes, comprenez vous—soyez l'aimable et n'y prenez attention—cependant elle est charmante."

Winefred turned hot and cold.

She knew that she was being discussed in a language she did not understand; above all—what she suspected was that some disparaging remark had been made relative to her mother.

She was already beginning to feel that her new position would be one of discomfort out of all proportion to its comforts.

But suddenly, with a start, she put up her hand and exclaimed—"Oh!"

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### AT THE MILLINERS

"My dear," said the relict of Tomkin-Jones, M.D., "if I may be allowed the impertinent question, why did you say, 'oh!'?"

"I—I think I saw someone I know," answered Winefred colouring.

"None of the Finnboroughs! Do not say that. We will drive on—or turn the carriage. In which direction? I did not see the liveries. Perhaps on foot."

"Yes."

"The Viscount. No—positively. You must introduce me as an old and valued friend, you know."

"It was not—I am not sure. I may be mistaken, but I think I caught a glimpse of my father."

"Your father! Not possible. Not returned from the Colony?—I see—to be advanced. He knows that you are here. He will call and inquire."

"I am not sure he knows that I am with you. It was arranged without him."

"He must have arrived quite recently. Prodigious! My dear Mr. Frank, let us procure the last edition of the *Bath Gazette*—we shall find him among the fashionable arrivals."

"The new number will not be issued till the day after to-morrow."

"True—we must remain in suspense. Or shall we inquire at the principal hotels? This will be quite an accession to our circle, and a heightening of our pleasure. All the more reason, if her father be here, that Miss Holwood should appear to the best advantage. I wonder now, whether he designs to take her out with him—to be the belle of the assemblies of what's the place! How good of you, Mr. Frank, to assist us with your counsel. I suppose it will hardly do to ask you to our table to take pot-luck with us? Our circle is but one of ladies."

"A garland of imperishable roses," said Mr. Wardroper. "I should be more than happy."

"Nonsense, Mr. Wardroper—pot-luck remember. Upon my honour, I believe there are but scraps in the house, and I expect only rissoles or cottage pie."

"Mamma, you know that you ordered a head and shoulders of salmon, and that Mrs. Jose has brought us two beautiful ducks."

"Prodigious! I had forgotten."

"Really," said the young man, "what is on the table will be immaterial to me in such society, where eye and ear are in a thrill of ecstasy."

He took off his hat and bowed round.

"Oh, Mr. Wardroper, excuse me, what an elegant new ring you are wearing," said the widow. "How did you come by it? If not asking impudent questions, is it a present or a purchase?"

"If the ring meet with your approval, that is its highest value. It is actually my father's signet ring. His hands have become so crippled with rheumatism, and the joints of the fingers so swollen, that he is no longer able to wear it, so he has transferred it to me. It is an heirloom."

The young man removed a fine engraved cornelian, set in gold, and handed it to Mrs. Tomkin-Jones.

"Your arms, I presume," she said, looking at it.

"Certainly—a chevron between three coughs. The crest a Cornish cough. Though, I protest, I have not the smallest idea what the bird is—whether it exist, or is extinct as the dodo, or fabulous as the wyvern."

"But I know it," said Winefred.

"Martlets have, I believe, no feet," said Mrs. Jones.

"But these have legs and beaks of sealing-wax," said Winefred. "Otherwise they are as black as my hair, and are clever birds and build in our cliffs. We had one at home last year, but a cat got at it. He was tame and loved to be caressed and talked to. He would run up a ladder and sit on the roof. But oh? he was mischievous, once he got at mother's jewelry."

"Do you mean your poor deceased mother's jewelry?" asked the widow.

"I mean where were the tapes and pins and buttons?" asked Winefred, colouring.

"Really," said the young man, "I protest that I am as desirous to see one of these birds. Conceive my curiosity in not knowing what a cough was, and yet bearing three shields and one on my helm."

"It would be pure," said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, "to have one, tame, in the square garden. I suppose that it would be the wing clipped. But there are cats."

"Oh!" exclaimed Winefred, "our bird would be able to keep away from the cat if it had not been ill, but it is a brass thimble and was heavy and drooping. If it were in the house, nothing would content it but to trip up the stairs." "garrett."

"Elle est ingenue n'est pas?" An aside of Mrs. Tomkin-Jones to Mr. Wardroper. Then "it would be really too good to have one of these birds in the garden."

"I can get you a pair," said Winefred. "When I will see to it. You can have only young coughs, with legs and legs are orange the first year; it is not till the second that they become scarlet. The wild, full-grown birds are scarce. They are becoming scarce. I think that the jackdaws are driving them."

"How gratified Sir Barnaby will be," observed Dr. Jones to young Wardroper. "How it will amuse him to see the flesh hopping about in the garden the coughs that he has on his plate, and worn on his liver. Ah! here we are!"

To a woman there is no happiness more sincere, more honest than that of spending money freely on her personal adornment. Next in degree is that of spending it on the decoration of her home. Such as have not money at command to lavish enjoy a certain amount of happiness when the chance comes to them to dip into another person's purse regardless of the object for which it is spent. Mrs. Tomkin-Jones had felt poignantly her inability to swell her every shop in Bath, and run up bills commensurate with her social importance, and worthy of the memory of the late M.D., the Maker of Bath. But now her bosom swelled, and every pulse glowed with pride, because she was able to exhibit before the shop assistants that she was a woman who, if she did not spend much herself, was able to introduce to them such as could do so. The consciousness of importance gave stiffness to her back, amplitude to her bosom, elevation to her chin, and passed in electric ripples into the folds of her gown.

The mere looking through an assortment of materials, the matching of ribbons, the balancing of trimmings against the textile fabrics they are to enrich, afford a joy to the female heart such as no man can enter into.

When the preliminaries had been discussed and determined, then ensued the second act of the drama, the ascent to the measuring and fitting room, from which man is as absolutely excluded as he is old from the mysteries of the Bona Dea. Mrs. Tomkin-Jones described a circle with a sweep of her skirts and said to Jesse, "My dear, I am sure you will remain here with Mr. Wardroper whilst I attend Miss Holwood above!" Then to the young man, "I am truly sorry, but do you mind?"

"To be left with Miss Jesse is like being given the custody of the Crown jewels," answered he.

When Winefred and Mrs. Jones were gone, Jesse turned with a laugh to Frank Wardroper, and said: "It is positively bad. We are boring you intolerably."

"Not at all. My soul lives in art."

"You are laughing at us."

"Set your mind at rest. Do you not see that the proper dressing of a lovely girl is a matter of transcendental importance? It is like the setting of a fine melody to rich and expressive harmonies, it is the clothing of a poetic idea in a clear and illustrative words. Be a jewel ever so fine, it is of no use if it is not mounted."

"Is this your own?" asked Jesse bluntly.

"It is from my father—like the ring. I do not intend to originate, only to embellish."

"I have no great interest in dress."

"You are wrong. Excuse my saying it, but you have, you say, at home salmon and ducks. The delight of our prospective meal will consist in the dressing, stuffed and garnished. There is style in a language, in painting, in cooking, and in clothing, and is justified in forgetting this."

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the feet of Mrs. Jones appeared on the stair, followed by the graceful lady, next by that of Winefred, and then the young woman, as they descended from the measuring department.

A placitude, an elevation, an illumination invested the face of Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, as though she had endowed her body to be burned in martyrdom for the faith.

"Will one of the young men call my coachman?" asked Winefred with dignity. "And, Miss Finch, you will remember to call on the rue."

"Home!" ordered Mrs. Tomkin-Jones, accepting of the shopman, when he shut the carriage door, as under the cognition, being of everyday occurrence. "Since we have square, Mr. Frank, my carriage shall take you on to the having sat us down."

One of the party alone was dispirited and indignant, whose person was to be adorned. A fibre of her soul had been ended.

On reaching the door round the corner, the ladies Frank Wardroper had jumped out.

"Baker shall drive you on," said Mrs. Tomkin-Jones.

"Not at all—we are but five doors off."

"He really may as well."

"I am already out and on my feet."

He took off his hat and bowed.





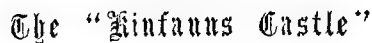
GENERAL SCHALK BURGER  
In command of the Boers on the  
Eastern Transvaal Border

## South African Portraits

THE S

Probably General Sir Evelyn Wood's overwhelming force had more to do with "conciliation" than anything else, but Mr. Hofmeyr's telegram was undoubtedly well meant; his patriotism, though genuine as the Boers', does not extend to ousting the British from South Africa. In fact, Mr. Hofmeyr has made a contribution

General Schalk Burger, in command on the eastern or Portuguese and Swaziland frontier of the Republic, is another somewhat singular and significant selection, he being the candidate who was run for all he was worth in opposition to Mr. Kruger at the last Presidential election in the Transvaal. He was born in Lydenburg in 1852, a grandson of a *Voortrekker* on whose head the British Government once placed a price of 300*l*. He is described as a man largely self-taught but a deep thinker and an orator, who frequently sways the Raad by his calm logic. In the War of Independence he served as a Field Cornet at the head of a district of burghers. A member of the United Dutch Church he received the Order of Jesus Christ from the Portuguese King for a speech at Delagoa Bay on the relations between the Transvaal and Portugal. He is now a member of the Executive Council. On the eve of the recent Bloemfontein Conference Mr. Burger expressed his conviction that it would lead to a friendly and reasonable settlement of the existing difficulties between Great Britain and the Transvaal.



THE new twin-screw steamer *Kinfauns Castle*, the latest and most magnificent vessel of the Castle Line, which set out last week from Southampton on her maiden voyage to the Cape, carrying among her passengers 300 troops, has a gross tonnage estimated at 10,000, and her indicated horse-power is 10,500. The accommodation provided for all classes of passengers (300 first-class, 160 second, and 200 third) is on a scale equalled by very few boats afloat. Some idea of the splendour of the vessel's fittings may be gathered from our illustration of the smoking saloon. Libraries are provided for each class of passenger; there are pianos in the first and second class saloons, a grand piano in the drawing-room, and an organ in the first-class saloon. Children's dining-rooms, a hair-dressing saloon, a printing-room, an orchestral instrument room (for the use of the ship's band), a drying-room, hospitals, dispensary, mail and specie rooms are conveniently arranged in various parts of the ship.

AUTUMN IN RUSSIA is not an agreeable season, particularly in St. Petersburg. The wet season has just set in at the capital—the "rotten autumn" as the Russians term it—and rain falls in torrents every day. When a gale sets in as well, the Neva and the canals overflow, and guns boom out from the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul to warn all inhabitants of the riverain districts against a sudden flood.

THE SMOKING SALOON OF THE NEW CASTLE LINER "KINFAUNS CASTLE"



THE GAME OF BUMBLE WAG: A SKETCH ON BOARD THE SS. "KINFAUNS CASTLE" ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO THE CAPE  
ON THE WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



# Tommy Atkins's Peccadilloes

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN

A MILITARY PRISON exists almost entirely in the interests of "crime," as it is called, in the Army is not the same thing as in civil life. A soldier can have a "crime" recorded against him, his "defaulter's sheet" by being drunk, being in-subordinate and threatening language, or by desertion. The one word "crime" covers all offences. Sometimes of theft or assault, but such cases are rare. After we have seen the experience of military prisons I have come to the conclusion that all a soldier's offences may be classed under the three heads of drink, temper, and foolishness.

The charges are decreasing every year. This is owing to the existence of the Army Temperance Association, known as the "A.T.A." In fact, it is not too much to say that the best influences of the Army are against excessive drinking. Officers are fast becoming the most sober men in the world. No one knows this better than the chaplains in charge of our military prisons.

Cases of soldiers getting into trouble through loss of temper are very frequent. Young men enlist, in most instances, after some years of entire independence. They have been their own masters, and they often resent the orders of the non-commissioned officers, which the most unpleasant of results to themselves. The first case I had to deal with in a military prison furnishes an

all he wanted was to die himself! At first I could do nothing with him, but I said at last, "I shall not leave this cell until you have eaten your food." After a long struggle, I persuaded him to eat! The victory was won, and, during the rest of his stay in the prison, his conduct was all that could be desired!

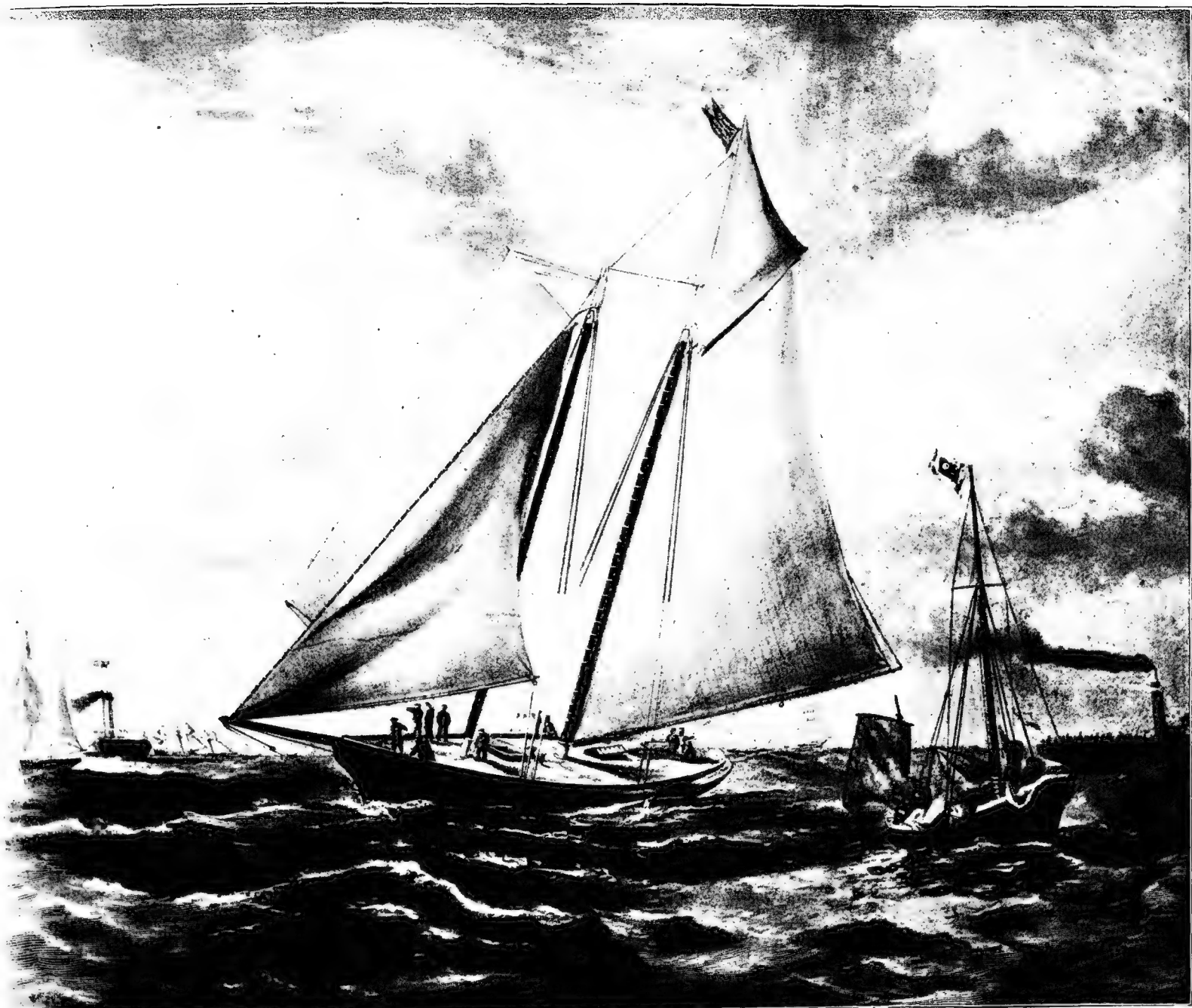
There is only one way to be adopted in dealing with prisoners, and that is the way of kindness! As far as my experience goes, all men can be influenced by kind words! When I came in charge of the large Military Prison in Malta, I had a curious instance of the effect of kind treatment. My plan there was to have the prisoners brought from their cells to the vestry of the chapel, where I always asked them to sit down while I talked to them. I always saw the prisoners on their admission and afterwards on their discharge. On one occasion I saw a sailor of the Fleet on his admission. When he left the prison I happened to be on the sick list with fever. A brother chaplain took my duty and saw my prisoners. When the sailor mentioned came before him, he asked where the chaplain was that saw him when he came in. The reason of my absence was explained, and then he said: "Well, sir, I should liked to have seen him again. When I came in here he asked me to sit down, and then he talked to me like a father."

In this same prison at Malta I had a strange case of attempted desertion. It is not easy to desert from this island, but this man actually tried to row in a small boat from Malta to the coast of Africa. He had the good fortune to be picked up by a steamer on his way, when his water and provisions were exhausted. He had enlisted under a false name, got tired of the discipline of the Service, and made this foolish attempt to get away from the Army.

may say that I have never yet had a rude word or any difficulty in all my dealings with the hundreds of military prisoners that I have seen.

## The First Race for the "America" Cup

THE trophy which for nearly fifty years has been known as the *America* Cup is a cup of the value of 100*l.*, which was offered by the Royal Yacht Squadron in August, 1851, as a prize for a race round the Isle of Wight, open to yachts belonging to clubs of all nations. The schooner yacht *America*, which had caused a great deal of talk owing to her beating everything in American waters, was in English waters at the timely invitation of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and the Cup was really offered in her honour. The *America* presented a departure from the style of English yachts. English yachts of that period were of the type known as the "cod-head and mackerel-tail," barrel-bottomed craft, with short bluffs and long fine run. A crusade had been initiated against this type of yacht by Mr. T. Assheton Smith, Mr. William Simons and Mr. Scott Russell, but their endeavours to introduce a fine entrance and a shallow bow, in place of the old bluff nose, did not find much favour, but a practical



THE "AMERICA" EASILY WINNING THE RACE ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT  
THE FIRST RACE FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP

From a Photograph of a Painting by G. West and Son, Southsea

instance of it happened years ago in Dublin. I was asked one day by the warders to talk to a man who was giving a great amount of trouble. He had threatened to murder one of the prison officers. I was told that he was most dangerous, and that I had better be careful. I went to the cell when I visited him. However, I declined to see him, and decided to see my man alone. When the door of the cell was opened he was standing before us, and I saw at a glance that I had a very low type of man to deal with. "Take off your cap," said the warder. The man removed his cap, and threw it down with an angry gesture. I then sent the warder to get down alone with the prisoner and began to talk to him. He was sullen and silent, but at last I managed to get him to speak. After a long conversation he expressed penitence, and asked to amend if I would save him from a flogging. I told him that I could, but it was too late, and he was dragged to the flogging. He never gave any trouble afterwards. I mention this as the only instance of a soldier who has been brought back to the prison, and for some years I have heard nothing of him.

I am now in charge of another military prison in England, where I am daily finding curious cases of men who have enlisted and got into trouble through family affairs. It is a common thing to find deserters, as in the instance quoted above, who have gone home to be with a dying relative, and then stayed away till they have been brought back, and then tried for "absence without leave."

One of the saddest cases that ever came to my notice was that of a man who had risen from the ranks, obtained his commission, and became adjutant of his regiment. He took to drink, and had to resign his commission. He then enlisted again as a private, and made an attempt to rise again. But he had got too much under the influence of drink, and I first made his acquaintance in a military prison. I persuaded him to sign the pledge and make an effort to give up drinking altogether, but it was all in vain. He came back time after time to the prison a hopeless dipsomaniac. At last he was discharged from the Army, and for some years I have heard nothing of him.

There is a certain amount of comedy sometimes in the charges. I recently had a case of a staunch teetotaler who was sentenced for being "drunk and disorderly." He had been with some soldier friends who had gone into a public-house and got drunk. He tried to get them back to barracks, and in the due course of events got arrested with them and shared their fate.

Soldiers who are punished for "sleeping on their post" seldom seem to understand that it is needful for a recruit to learn how to keep watch and how to keep awake in times of peace. In conclusion, I

demonstration of the truth of their doctrine was soon to be given by the *America*.

On the day of the race fifteen yachts of various tonnage, some schooner-rigged and others cutters, presented themselves to start. The race was started to the eastward, and the yachts went out by Bembridge Ledge with the wind from west-south-west. Working past Bonchurch to Ventnor, three English yachts, *Volante*, *Freak*, and *Arrow* were all ahead of the *America*, but *Arrow* went ashore, and another yacht, *Alarm*, went to her assistance, and later on *Freak* fouled *Volante* and knocked the bowsprit out of her, so that the leading English yachts were all in a bad way. *America*, which was not doing much good in short tacking with the small cutters, made a long cast off and fetched the Needles some six or seven miles ahead of *Aurora* and *Freak*, which were the nearest British yachts. On going through the Needles *America* had a fair wind, but meeting the ebb tide in a light breeze, she made little headway, and *Aurora* began to gain rapidly on her. By the time the tide had eased the English yachts had just got round the Needles, and consequently felt the young flood first. This brought them closer up, but *America* kept ahead, and finished eighteen minutes ahead of *Aurora*. Lord Dunraven, in "The Encyclopedia of Sport," tells us that the veteran yachtsman, the late Marquis of Anglesey, when he saw *America* for the first time, said, "If she is right we are all wrong." And in 1852 and 1853 scores of yachts were hauled up in the yards to have the old bow cut away and the new type of bow built on to them.

My next "case" came under my notice in the same prison. On entering the prison one day I was told that they had a prisoner who said that he was "dying of starvation!" I went at once to the man's cell, and found him sitting with his food untasted as this prisoner was in a most miserable state of mind. He had been absent from the prison for some time, and had been in order to remain with a mother who had died! He was overcome with grief, and told me plainly that

# THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—XI.

## THE BRITISH ARMY

By CHARLES LOWE

OUR army is undoubtedly that British institution which has undergone most transformation in the course of the nineteenth century, so that if it had been humanly possible for any Rip Van Winkle of a Tommy Atkins who had fought with Abercromby at Aboukir in 1801 to march with Kitchener to Khartoum in 1898, he would assuredly, comparing the army headed by the Duke of York with the army commanded by Viscount Wolseley, have been tempted to hold up his hands in blank bewilderment and exclaim, "Lord a mercy on us, this is none o' I." Yes, the British soldier who landed at the mouth of the Nile at the beginning of the century to expel the French from Egypt belonged to a very different organisation, a very different kind of fighting machine, from his comrade-descendant who, at the end of this century, ascended the self-same river to expel the Dervishes from Omdurman and find the sempiternal French again confronting him, Jack-in-the-Box-like, at Fashoda. There were some qualities common to the soldiers of Abercromby and the soldiers of Kitchener—unrivalled powers of endurance and invincible courage—but that was almost all. Otherwise the conquerors of Khartoum differed about as much from the victors of Aboukir as these latter in turn differed from the billmen and the bowmen of Agincourt—so slow had been the development of the military art for four centuries, so quick had been its progress during the course of one.

Our Rip Van Winkle of a Tommy Atkins, who had received his baptism of fire at Aboukir, and awoke from his long slumber to march with Kitchener to Khartoum, would have found that his cumbersome flintlock, with which he might manage to let off two shots a minute, had now been supplanted by a devilish invention of a magazine rifle which rained bullets in the teeth of an enemy at the rate of about one per second; and he would almost have wept the tears of sorrow which are shed by devoted friends at final parting on realising that the bayonet, with which he had performed such glorious feats of fighting, had now practically become a discarded weapon. He would have found, to his surprise, that his uniform with its cruelly senseless neck-stock, and breeches which burst if he bent, instead of being the most excruciating, had now become the most comfortable and practical fighting dress in the world; and he would have wondered what in Heaven's name things were coming to now, when the War Office had actually provided him with a sun-helmet, a pocket filter and a patent water-bottle, and had devised an easy distribution of his kit all over his body instead of compelling him to carry it all in one cruel lump like the burden of a camel.

### IMPROVED CONDITION OF THE MEN

Above all, our re-awakened Tommy would have smacked his lips to find that his food, which had formerly been fit for little else than pigs, had now been succeeded by rations so ample, so various, and so excellently cooked that they might well excite the jaded appetite of peers. He would have found that his pay was now just double what it was at the dawn of the century; that, instead of being housed in hovels, he was now quartered in palatial barracks; that many of his comrades, instead of repairing to places of evil fame, now spent their leisure hours in reading-rooms and soldiers' homes; that his officers, whose voices he had formerly never heard except when giving the word of command, now even played cricket matches with their men, and took every means of making them feel that they were all "comrades, friends, and countrymen;" that flogging and other debasing punishments had been abolished; that there was now such a thing as a Victoria Cross, with substantial pension attached, for feats of personal gallantry before the foe; that there was otherwise now no danger of such acts of bravery, individual or collective, failing to attract the notice of the nation for want of a sacred bard—*carere quia vate sacro*—seeing that there had now arisen a new class of men, brilliant descriptive writers, whose business it was to accompany armies as their literary Caesars, Xenophons and Napiers; and our re-awakened Tommy Atkins would positively not have known what to have thought of himself for sheer astonishment and honest joy on discovering that the dumb, if all-daring and all-doing British soldier, after so many centuries of misrepresentation and neglect, had at last found his eloquent interpreter and Tyrtæus in the person of an imperial poet, Rudyard Kipling, who had done more than anyone else to dispel the popular prejudices which still attached to the redcoat, and make him the pride, as he had ever been the pillar, of his country.

In brief, our warrior Rip Van Winkle, who had been aroused from his ninety-eight years of slumber after Aloukir to march on Omdurman, would have found that, in the interval, the British Army had ceased to be an asylum for the outcast and the criminal to become a career for the respectable and the ambitious, and that the Army of Lord Wolseley could no longer be characterised by the words of Lord Wellington, who repeatedly described the soldiers that strewed his path with victory-palms from Talavera to Toulouse as "the scum of the earth."

Those who raised shrill sentimental cries of humanitarian protest over the necessary bayoneting of a few wounded, but still treacherously dangerous Dervishes at Omdurman, should have compared this incident with the storming and sack of Badajos, which was accompanied, according to Napier, by "that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldiers' heroism . . . shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, &c." They should have contrasted such a hell let loose at Badajos and San Sebastian with the humane behaviour of the British soldier at Omdurman, and been well content with his progress in the interval in respect of decency and discipline. "Come on, ye ruffians! Come on, ye fighting villains!" were the words with which Picton—"a rough, foul-mouthed devil as ever lived," to quote the Iron Duke himself—used to wave his invincible vagabonds on to victory; and, if the truth must be told, a very large proportion of Wellington's army did consist of unmitigated blackguards, whose military crimes and excesses could only be repressed by a frequent use of the lash and of

the gallows-tree. But it has often happened in the history of the world that the worst men have been the best soldiers—the best combatants, at least. The devil in a state of dormancy is not a bad military quality in the fighting man; and with this peculiar virtue the 150,000 men—about 99,000 regulars and the rest militia—who constituted the British Army at the outbreak of the Peninsular War were very liberally endowed.

In the last decade of the century the strength of the same Army—regulars, with the reserves and militia—had risen to nearly three times that figure—416,000—apart from our auxiliary forces of volunteers (230,000) and yeomanry, &c. In Wellington's time there were no reserves but the militia, and of these an astonishing number could always, by the bounty system, be got to volunteer into the regular Army, the one, for example, that won Waterloo being largely thus composed. The fear of a French invasion had called to arms a force of over 460,000 volunteers, though these were only raised for local use, and not, as is the case with the army of citizen-soldiers to which the year 1859, from a similar apprehension, gave birth, for general service within the United Kingdom. By the year 1809 the total strength of the British forces, including Volunteers, seamen, and marines, was 822,000, the population of the United Kingdom being then only about 15,000,000.

Hitherto the ordinary term of enlistment had been for life, but, with the view of popularising service in the standing Army, which was so much needed in the Peninsula and elsewhere, Mr. Windham had introduced the principle of short service enlistments, and the physical standard, moreover, was gradually lowered from 5 ft. 7 in. in 1802 to 5 ft. in 1813. So it was no wonder that, at Waterloo, many of our regiments consisted of mere boys—witness Lady Butler's picture of them forming square—who contrasted most unfavourably with their German allies. It was, indeed, from Germany that the British soldier of this epoch had derived one of the main sources of his strength—his discipline and his drill. Previous to the Napoleonic wars, our Army was so deplorably ill-drilled that it had been unable to present the elementary spectacle of "two regiments moving in unison." But both the Duke of York, and his deputy for two years, Sir David Dundas, had been ardently devoted to the study of Prussian tactics—Dundas, in particular, going every year to the manoeuvres of the Great Frederick; and he it was, with his rough yet methodical Scotch head, who was the first to supply the British Army with those "Rules and Regulations" which enabled it, under the genius of the Great Duke, to enter upon its fifteen years' career of glorious, if chequered, victory from Aboukir Bay to Belle Alliance.

### FORTY YEARS OF PEACE

Then followed the forty years' peace, during which our military institutions were in danger of going to rust and wreck altogether, with all our "cannon mouldering on our seaward wall." Ever averse to the idea of a standing Army as a possible danger to civil liberty, the English people were at no pains to maintain intact the fighting instrument which had proved the destruction of the greatest tyrant of his time. Thereafter not only was the British Army reduced, it was practically shelved. The volunteers disappeared, no militia were enrolled, and it was the policy of the Great Duke, its Commander-in-Chief, to send as much of it as he could to the Colonies, not so much for the purpose of defending those Colonies, as of saving it from further reduction at the hands of the Joseph Humes and the other penurious patriots of his short-sighted class who fondly imagined that the millennium had now dawned, and that Britannia's spear must now for good be turned into a ploughshare.

Life engagements for the Army had again (1829) been substituted for the shorter periods introduced during the Peninsular War, and the disciplinary line of the barracks had become that of a penal settlement—sentences of 300 to 500 lashes being common for offences that would now be checked by light imprisonment. From 1816 to 1854 the Army was only represented in the Cabinet by the Master General of the Ordnance, and there was neither insight nor unity in its administration, which was one of incredible looseness and lethargy. From this lethargy the nation and its rulers were only aroused towards the end of the forties, ten years and more after the Queen's accession, by the breaking out of revolutionary troubles all over the Continent. The Army, which in 1821 had fallen to about 100,000 men of all arms, now received repeated accessions of strength, which, by 1854, had raised it to a total effective of 140,000—enlistment for life having given way to a ten years' engagement, while the militia was again re-established (1852), just in time to pass from 25,000 to 30,000 of its men into the ranks of the regiments which were sent out to cover themselves with imperishable glory, and their administrators with everlasting shame, on the battlefields around Sebastopol.

### THE CRIMEAN CAMPAIGN AND ITS LESSONS

But even now the demand was so inadequate to the supply that the Government was reduced to the necessity of enlisting a German Legion for service in the Crimea. In point of physique no finer army ever left these shores than the 25,000 men who landed, under Lord Raglan, near the Alma—an army of lions led by anything but asses, but certainly administered by Ministerial ignoramus of the worst kind. The Crimean War proved to the whole world, and above all to the British people in the bitterest manner, that the bravest of armies are but as chaff before the wind if lacking a proper organisation to provide them with clothing and food and medical treatment. In the Crimea we had none of the departmental branches for doing these things. But the lesson of the Crimea was taken to heart and turned to good account. Nothing could better illustrate the difference between our military organisation at the middle and at the end of the century than the fact, that whereas 25,000 of our men had been rendered non-effective in five months, mainly from the lack of means to convey food a distance of eight

miles from Balaclava to the trenches before Sevastopol, the re-conquest of the Soudan, on the other hand, was accomplished in a circumstance that our construction of the Nile Valley, which comfortably fed and munitioned his army, was practically kept pace with Kitchener's advance to Khartoum, which comfortably fed and munitioned his army, hundreds of miles away from their base of supply.

But the Crimean War showed that our Army needed reformation in other things as well as transport. Early in the Queen's reign the percussion-cap replaced the place of the old flintlock; but it was not till the Crimean War were brought together for exercise at Choldham, and training under service conditions which our soldiers had never experienced, that the necessity of reformation was fully appreciated. In 1855, however, to the exertions of the Queen and the Prince Consort was bought on which Aldershot now stands, a heroism of our soldiers in suppressing the Indian Mutiny began to take the liveliest interest in what has now become a training camp—the Châlons of the British Army.

Not only did the Indian Mutiny bring to light the want of a heroism, endurance, and invincibility of the British soldier, but it also entailed upon us an entire change in the character of our Army, which now ceased to be a militia, and became an Imperial one. Hitherto India had been the main theatre of our European regiments of the old "John" Company, together with 30,000 men of the British Army, and 240,000 native soldiers. But in 1858, when the Queen's troops, and in 1859, on the Queen's assuming the throne, the local European forces were disbanded, and our own, forming an integral portion of the British Army, was gradually raised till it reached its present figure of about 74,000 men, making the very cream of our fighting force.

It was about the same time also that our fighting power was swelled by a new kind of auxiliary force. As a result of the Continental troubles of 1848 which led to the time of association of our militia, so it was the European war-clouds of 1859, but above all, the minatory attitude of the French—our allies in the Crimea—and the restless policy of their ruler, which, under the fostering encouragement of the Prince Consort, gave rise to the popular movement that soon found definite expression in the creation, or rather re-creation, of our Volunteer Army, which now numbers about 230,000 men, whose military efficiency, it is true, is not yet on a par with their patriotism, but who are now at least, after an existence of forty years, as much superior to what they were when first enrolled as the British Army which marched to the conquest of Khartoum was superior in organisation to the French Army which sailed for the conquest of the Crimea.

### SCIENTIFIC SOLDIERING

The scientific spirit of soldiering, which may be said to have received its highest expression, so far, in Kitchener's conquest of Khartoum, had become infused into the Army by the establishment, in 1858, of our Staff College—an institution similar to the famous Kriegsakademie of the Prussians—which soon became frequented by ambitious officers devoted to the study of the art of war in all its branches. By these students, whose example has been followed by some of the most public-minded men in the nation at large, the lessons of the Italian War, the Civil War in America, and the Crimean War, were discussed with the keenest avidity; and then came the Bohemian Campaign of 1866, with its new tactical novelties, which loudly proclaimed Prussia as the master of the rôle of Frederick the Great as the military science of the nineteenth century.

That in the meantime we ourselves had been utilising the fruits of our own bitter experience, as well as profiting by the experience of others, was presently proved by our expedition to Abyssinia, when there was present in Disraeli pitifully expressed in the astonishing fact that the Ordnance of Europe being transported by the Suez Canal, and across the mountains of Kasselas in Africa. That the "little wars" which we have had incessantly since the Queen's accession, part or another of the globe ever since the Queen's accession—*for Her Majesty has been at once the most faithful like of monarchs who ever wore the British crown.* Expedition was pronounced by all to be a man's supply, while seventeen more years' practice of different parts of the world at last enabled us to send a French Military Attaché in London, officially to the Service Institution, the compliment that our Army of 1895 was a perfect gem of Indian warfare.

This was high flattery to us from France. It was an indirect compliment to Germany. For as it was Germany that had derived those "Rules and Regulations" which enabled the armies of Wellington to purge the Peninsula of the French, so it was from the Fatherland that there had come that great impetus to military reform which has now made our Army what it is. The triumphal procession of the French in 1870 had been followed in England with the keenest interest, and it was at once concluded that a military reform could achieve such unparalleled results in so brief a time as well worth the sincerest of all forms of admiration—as far as was permitted by our peculiar position—without departing from the practice of voluntary military service, the bed-rock principle of our fenelle power.

### MANOEUVRES

Accordingly we at once commenced by inaugurating a series of manoeuvres which gradually increased in size and importance. In 1898, they were held upon a scale (in Dorset and Wiltshire) to the average magnitude of such Kriegsspiel exercises, while the Government went to the expense of



country on Salisbury Plain as the manœuvring area. In other respects the progress of reform was slow, and the initiation mainly of Mr. Cardwell; nor did we assimilate our Army in many other respects to the system by creating a Medical Staff Corps and an Army Service Corps for the duties of transport and supply which had hitherto been entrusted to civil hands, and which now rendered it more than hitherto for our Army to perform the most essential functions, that of "crawling on its stomach" and fighting. Alas, we improved the efficiency of the Army by the War Office and creating a General Staff; by the commission purchase system and raising the standard of qualification in our officers. But more radical in any other reforms was the introduction of the territorial system of regiments, the linking of the home-staying one acting as a feeder for its fellow regiments, while we have also kept pace with other nations in the art of armaments by adopting the latest and most improved.

#### SUMMARY

Then, of all these reforms is that, in the course of the Queen's reign, to go no further back into the century—the Army has been doubled, and that our soldiers are now better paid, armed, housed, fed and treated than ever before; that we have 70,000 more Militia, 85,000 more Reserve men, and 230,000 Volunteers. On the other hand, the military budget—to which our foreign service troops are not added—has now risen to 18,250,000, as compared with 8,000,000 at the beginning of the Queen's reign—an increase of more than double which has resulted from the enormous increase of our Empire, the vast extent of our commerce, the greatly increased cost of modern armaments, and the augmented strength of our native and Colonial troops, the Queen, in the sixtieth year of her reign, might be said to have had at her disposal a combatant force of nearly a million fighting men—apart from the Navy and its local auxiliaries—all animated by the spirit of unity and cohesion inherent in the homogeneous hosts of the Continent of Europe.

The mainspring of any Army is its officers, and British officers have grown to be immensely more efficient under Wolseley than ever they were under Wellington. For to the personal bravery and inherent capacity for command which have ever distinguished them they have successfully striven to add the brain-practice and the scientific accomplishments of their exemplars, the Germans. No longer merely the commanders, they are now also the comrades of their men, whose efficiency and comfort it is their constant endeavour to promote; and though many of those men still leave much to be desired in respect of physique, as compared with the conscript armies of the Continent, their moral standard, keeping pace with the progress of their material condition, is very much higher than it was a hundred years ago, so that there is now an ever-lessening, if still considerable, difference between the barrack virtues of the Ironsides of Cromwell and the Redcoats of the Queen.

But, with all its shortcomings, the British Army since the Crimea—which opened its eyes to its own crying deficiencies—has ever been equal to the military tasks imposed upon it, and, after all, that is the real test of any army's worth. The British Army, in its peculiar organisation and parti-coloured composition, is the living embodiment of that world-wide Imperialism of which it is at once the proudly conspicuous symbol and the self-reliant stay.

### "The Transvaal from Within"

MR. J. P. FITZPATRICK, one of Jameson's men, has given the public, in the week of time, his book, "The Transvaal from Within," which was written three years ago, privately circulated in June of the present year, and is now published, with supplementary matter, by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Fitzpatrick is well qualified to give his own account of the Transvaal from within. He is a South African by birth, has resided in the Transvaal since 1884, was Secretary of the Reform Committee, and was one of those who rode in Jameson's raid. The first part of the book is devoted to the early history of the Boers, to the war of the Boers and the Raid, and to the efforts of the Reform Committee. In the second part he brings his narrative down to the spring of the present year.

THE book is a whole matter is struck in the first paragraph of the book, "The Transvaal from Within," which was written three years ago, privately circulated in June of the present year, and is now published, with supplementary matter, by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Fitzpatrick is well qualified to give his own account of the Transvaal from within. He is a South African by birth, has resided in the Transvaal since 1884, was Secretary of the Reform Committee, and was one of those who rode in Jameson's raid. The first part of the book is devoted to the early history of the Boers, to the war of the Boers and the Raid, and to the efforts of the Reform Committee. In the second part he brings his narrative down to the spring of the present year.

THE history of the wanderings of the Boers is given by Mr.

Fitzpatrick in a few vivid sentences; it is, as he says, a history which surpasses all fiction in its vicissitudes, successes, and tragedies. They fought and worked and trekked, onward, always onward, never returning, beyond the furthest outposts of civilisation, where they might hope to be alone, like the simple people of their one Book; where they might never know the hated British rule; where they might never experience the forms and trammels, the restlessness and changes, the worries, the necessities or benefits of progressing civilisation. They trekked, and trekked again; but the flag of England, emblem of all they hated, was close by, behind, beside, in front, or over them; and the something which they could not fight, the ever advancing tide of civilisation, lapped at their feet, and slowly, silently, and for ever, blotted out the line where they had written, "Thus far and no further."

#### THE ANNEXATION AND ITS MISTAKES

By 1877, when the South African Republic had been an independent State for twelve years, it was insolvent, and its very existence was threatened by Cetewayo, the Zulu King, who had massed his armies on the border. The whole of the Transvaal was annexed by England, and thus saved from being overrun and devastated. Then began the mistakes of England, thus summarised by Mr. Fitzpatrick: Failure to fulfill promise; deviation from old ways of government; the appointment of unsuitable officials, who did not understand the people or their language; the neglect to convene Volksraad or to hold fresh elections; the establishment of personal rule by military men, who treated the Boers with harshness and contempt. These things, and others caused dissatisfaction and gave the nucleus of irreconcilables—Kruger at their head—material to work with. Sir Bartle Frere, who had succeeded Sir Theophilus Shepstone as the Representative of the Queen, wrote at the time that "it was not the annexation so much as the neglect to fulfil the promises and the expectations, held out by Shepstone when he took up the Government, that had stirred up the great mass of the Boers and given a handle to the agitators. Then came the war and the disasters of Bronkhorst Spruit, Laing's Nek, Ingogo and Majuba, the pro-Boer campaign of Mr. Gladstone while he was in opposition and his complete *voile face* after he was in power. The Convention of 1881 gave back to the Boers the control of their country.

#### THE THORN IN THE SIDE

In 1887 the gold output of the Transvaal, which had been increasing yearly and attracting mining companies ever since the small beginning made in 1882, began to assume regular dimensions. Johannesburg—so named after Mr. Johannes Rissik, the Surveyor-General of the Transvaal—was founded, and became a thorn in the side of President Kruger, for there arose, as if by magic, within thirty miles of his capital the city of the hated Uitlander, to whose desire for a reasonable voice in the government of the country and for redress of their many other grievances he turned a deaf ear. Then came the plot against the Transvaal and Jameson's raid, of which Mr. Fitzpatrick gives a very full and complete history, and he has an interesting and rather painful chapter on the life which the captured raiders led in gaol, and their brutal treatment by Du Plessis, their gaoler. When the prisoners were released they were required to bind themselves for the term of three years, from May, 1895, not to meddle directly or indirectly in the internal or external politics of the Republic. It was that stipulation which prevented Mr. Fitzpatrick from issuing his book until the present year. Three years after his emergence from Pretoria gaol he has found that his last chapter is one to which he can give the title "The Beginning of the End"—namely, the fruitless discussions and negotiations which have been going on the whole year. Upon these negotiations Mr. Fitzpatrick says nothing, and nothing was necessary, as they are so recent as to be within the recollection of all; but of the circumstances and conditions which made the negotiations necessary, he has written in this book the fullest and clearest account which has as yet appeared. No one who wishes to know the real state of affairs before and since Jameson's Raid should fail to read Mr. Fitzpatrick's interesting work, of the fullness and completeness of which it is not possible to give any adequate idea within the compass of a brief review.

#### AFRIKANDER SENTIMENT

The failure of the negotiations, he says, must lead to bloodshed, for, with a barrier of insurmountable race feeling before them, the Uitlanders are hopeless of effecting a peaceful redress of their grievances except by the aid of the Suzerain Power. Kruger and his party will not yield except on the advice of those who have the will and power to see that the advice is followed. That power rests with the progressive Dutch of South Africa, but they have not as yet the will or the courage to use it. There is no more hopeless feature for the peaceful settlement of the Transvaal question, Mr. Fitzpatrick thinks, than the unanimity which marks the public utterances of those who represent Afrikaner sentiment in the present crisis. Those expressions are all directed against the injured; not a warning, not a hint, not a prayer even is addressed to the offender. No civilised body of men, he goes on to say, ever had more just cause for complaint than the Uitlanders of the Transvaal, and they have carried on their reform movement under very difficult conditions. Their leaders are branded as rebels, denounced as traitors and conspirators, blacklisted in the Dutch press and marked down as men to be shot (when the time comes) without trial.

#### THE APPEAL TO ENGLAND

It is under these circumstances that appeal has been made to England, the only other quarter in which rests the power to see that justice be done. It is an appeal which might well be based upon the broad and acknowledged right of a subject to claim the good offices of his own Government, but it is here based upon a special right—the spirit of the Pretoria Convention, namely, the preservation of equality as between all the white inhabitants of the Transvaal—a spirit which has been violated and set at naught. "But the appeal of the British subjects in the Transvaal will claim a hearing for other reasons also," says Mr. Fitzpatrick in conclusion. "Only the blindest can fail to realise how much is at stake, materially and morally, or can fail to see what is the real issue, and how the Mother Country stands on trial before all her children—who are the Empire."

### "The Queen's Service"

MANY books have been written, and doubtless many more will yet be written, of the deeds of British soldiers on the battlefield, but we know of few books that tell us of the life led by a private in the British Army. Mr. Horace Wyndham's book, "The Queen's Service" (William Heinemann), should, therefore, meet with a welcome from the public, especially now, when our soldiers are being ordered in large numbers to South Africa. Mr. Wyndham tells us of his own experience as a private soldier from the time he enlisted until, after seven years' service, he left the Army. The story he tells is all the more interesting because it is told from the private's point of view; and we learn what the men in the ranks think of field days, route marching, being on guard, and other things that make up a soldier's life in time of peace. He gives us, too, good word-pictures of Sunday in barracks, of Christmas Day in the Army, of life on board a troopship, and of married life in the Army, besides describing the various stations in which he was quartered. The "advantages of the Army" are criticised freely, and Mr. Wyndham, though no grumbler, points out how, in many trifling details, a soldier's lot might be improved. He has much to say about Army schools, about promotion to the rank of corporal and afterwards to sergeant, about the immense difference it makes to a man's personal to attain the privilege of belonging to the sergeants' mess after some years of the rough-and-ready meals of a private soldier. Then he gives us a peep into a military hospital, takes us with him when he is escorting a deserter, and lets us see the culprit brought before a court-martial. One of the most interesting chapters is devoted to gentlemen rankers, in which the author gives some very sensible advice to those of gentle birth and good education who think of enlisting. He thinks it is a vast pity that more commissions are not given to "rankers." Coming to the much discussed question of the advisability of forming a "Regiment of Gentlemen," the author says: "I cannot think that such a corps would really be found to answer either the expectations of its well-wishers or of the men composing its ranks." The chapter at the end of the book puts forth some suggestions for the improvement of the lot of privates in the Army and of their prospects after leaving. It is certainly, as he says, a great pity that the Army is not on equal footing with the Police Force and Fire Brigade. To be dismissed from either of these is the greatest punishment known to the men. Discharge from the Army almost seems to be now regarded in the light of a prize. That this is so is, of course, highly regrettable, but the remedy lies, says Mr. Wyndham, with the authorities themselves. But the reader must read for himself, and he will find that Mr. Wyndham's little book is deeply interesting, not only for the capital description of a soldier's life, but also for the plea put forward by their more considerate treatment, especially when they have finished their term with the colours. Some of the chapters have already appeared as articles in various periodicals—one or two in *The Graphic*—but their value and interest are enhanced by being thus collected and published together.

### Books in Brief

"THE REIGN OF MARGARET OF DENMARK," by Mary Hill (Fisher Unwin), is an interesting as well as an instructive history of a woman who, to quote Abbé Vertot, "was not really in love with anything but glory, or sensible of any passion but her ambition to extend the limits of her empire and advance her authority." The history of a Queen of such ambitions must, of necessity, be a history of quarrels, wars, and internal dissensions. Margaret was a woman of indomitable will and masculine energy, and during her reign the three Scandinavian kingdoms were united under one crown. Her grand-nephew was crowned king *de facto*, but the power was in her hands. Margaret can hardly be said to have acted in a very queenly way towards her enemies. For instance, when she took Albert, King of Sweden, prisoner, she crowned him with a fool's cap, with a prodigious tail to it, in memory of a vow he had made, that he would not again wear his hat until he had wrested her crown from her. The volume is well written, and should interest the students of the history of the Hansatic League.

Miss Mary Thiddall's translation of "Heinrich Heine's Last Days," by Camille Selden (Fisher Unwin), is exceedingly careful and true, and one can see how thoroughly she is in sympathy with the writer. In an excellently written "introductory note," she tells the story of Camille Selden's life, and of her friendship with the poet. We hardly think, however, that Miss Thiddall can be deemed successful in her object in writing this notice. She says: "The object of this sketch is not the adding of new facts, but rather the collecting of old ones; in the hope that, by placing these in a fresh combination, this woman's title to celebrity may no longer rest upon her being the mere reflection of one greater than herself, but upon the merit which a study of her work and personality will show her so justly to deserve." That Camille Selden would have made a name apart from Heine there can be little doubt, but the poet's influence over her was so great that it is practically impossible to imagine that she could have ranked as high as she does without that influence.

"The New Far East," by Arthur Diosy (Cassell), is a book that no doubt, will be widely read, and it is equally certain that it will be much discussed, particularly in Anglo-Japanese and Anglo-Chinese society. Whether the Japanese are worthy of all the praise, not to say flattery, that is showered upon them by the author, is a question that time alone can show. Mr. Diosy's chapters on the Japanese navy will be read with interest by the majority of Englishmen. He also throws much light on the vexed question of the missionaries in China, and shows where the missions fail and why. It is a great pity, in our opinion, that the author has thought fit to draw so many "odious comparisons" between the Japanese and other nationalities, usually the English, and always to the detriment of the latter; it is the one thing that mars an otherwise valuable book. The volume is illustrated by a native artist.



## MEMORANDA OF A ROUNDAABOUT TOUR.

BY MARY STUART BOYD AND A.S. BOYD

### III.—CEYLON TO AUCKLAND, N.Z.

OUR glimpse of Colombo had made us long for a further insight into its charms, and it was with sincere regret at our inability to remain longer that we watched Ceylon, a vision of lavender hills and purple valleys, sink into the horizon. A baker's dozen, which included several of our most popular fellow-voyagers, had left us there, and a gentle melancholy pervaded the ship which even the presence of a new fruit, the mangostein, at dinner, did not dispel. Outwardly the mangostein is beautifully decorative, resembling a large reddish peony bud; inwardly it contains a circle of crescent-

shaped segments which is the edible portion; and its flavour rendered it one of the few hitherto untried fruits that we encountered during our journeyings, whose better acquaintance we desire.

After leaving Ceylon, even the modified excitement to be gathered from watching the periodic resurrection of the "Wanted on the Voyage" trunks, on baggage day, palled. Women who had formerly derived much gratification from a weekly peep at their reserve stock of

raiment, became prone to depute the task of disentrunking fresh garments to incapable husbands.

There was certainly some amusement in watching the futile exertions of those Benedicks, who, after rummaging to the bottom of carefully packed Saratogas, and removing certain of the articles contained therein, found to their amazement the impossibility of closing the lids upon the lessened contents—man's one idea of conquering the difficulty being by the application of weight, in the shape of obliging seamen, to the lid.

Sunday was welcomed in that it brought a change of occupation. Breakfast over, a piano was wheeled on deck, benches covered with flags were arranged, and Divine Service, which is never more impressive than when the music of the waves mingles with the

inspection of the men. How the stewards, in the midst of their multifarious duties, found time at that hour to appear on deck smartly attired was always a mystery.

"Inspection a bother when we're so busy?" says our active bedroom steward. "Well, yes, it means a bit of a rush Sunday mornings. But it does a heap of good, too. Why, Lor' love you! if it wasn't for inspection, plenty of them firemen wouldn't wash themselves from one week-end to another!"



SUNDAY INSPECTION

No games were played on Sunday, which probably accounted for the fact that the customary quantum of flirtation was trebled; otherwise the day was like its fellows.

At this stage of the journey little ill-feelings, born of sheer ennui, arose, and gossip of sorts drifted about. Romantic maidens consulted the young doctor regarding their fancied need of tonics; and one steerage lady passenger daily donned a pair of brown kid gloves and sought audience with the long-suffering and wisely politic Purser to air her imaginary grievances.

Satan induced the idle hands of one man to shave off his handsome beard; and I verily believe that only the consciousness that its removal had wrought the reverse of improvement deterred others from following his example.

This was also the period when people began to confide in each other respecting those of their possessions that, unaccountably, had gone missing. Mark Twain tells of his ancestor who, voyaging to America with Columbus, embarked with his worldly belongings comprised in a pocket-handkerchief, a night shirt and two odd socks, all marked with different initials and wrapped in an old newspaper, and left the ship at the end of the trip, having in the meantime mysteriously accumulated baggage which filled four trunks, a huge crate, and a couple of champagne baskets! Mr. Twain was not altogether peculiar in his progenitors. Somebody on board the *Crient* must have landed considerably richer than he sailed. Articles, many of them of but trifling value, had a provoking way of disappearing. To lay a brush down was to have it vanish. If one's name was inscribed thereon, and one made a fuss over its loss, it was almost certain after some days to be discovered placed casually under a cushion in the music room; but if it bore no name it might be accepted as gone for ever.

The miscreant's tastes were not entirely literary. Money he esteemed a useful commodity, well worthy of annexation; and articles of ladies' wear or use, such as a sable necklet or an embroidered work-bag, he did not despise. Our losses were comparatively trivial—a field-glass, and half a dozen new books.

Though the news of these speculations were widely circulated and exhaustively discussed, it was only when we neared Australia that the passengers, feeling in that ultra-confidential mood incidental to coming partings, went to the extreme length of whispering their suspicions regarding the identity of the wrong-doer. And the amusing feature of their disclosures was that in almost every instance distrust had fastened upon a different

responses, was held. A clergyman on his way to an Australian charge acted as our chaplain; the Captain read the lessons, and the second saloon passengers joined with the first.

After church followed the weekly muster of the crew, a never-failing delight to the Boy. In long lines extending far down either side of the promenade deck, sailors, firemen and stewards were ranged; while the captain, chief officer, purser and doctor walked down the rows, the purser calling the roll, the others making careful



ON DECK AFTER DINNER

person! Petty pilferings on shipboard are a common occurrence. Later, on a Pacific mail steamer, we encountered a man who carried a copy of "Don Juan" which showed his name on every page. He was an experienced traveller.

Our Captain, besides being in appearance and manner an ideal seaman, was a diplomat. To be invited to visit his cabin was a much-coveted honour, and one which, during the course of the voyage, he contrived to pay all the saloon passengers the more congenial people being bidden to take tea in his snug cabin; the remainder being asked to look at the view from the bridge.

The weather waxed hotter than ever. Food grew distasteful, and the robust appetites of certain table neighbours became an offence, which reached to the height of an insult on that breathlessly exhausting noon



DECK DEBATS  
THEIR MANUFACTURE  
AND PRACTICE

when a portly nation finished a hearty lunch by consuming a combination of strong cheese and pickled onions, and pronouncing the compound "delicious!"

Though the days in that latitude were enervating, the nights were full of exquisite beauty; moonless nights when

we could linger late on deck in thin evening dress without fear of chill, and watch the long golden reflections of the planets in the water.

In spite of the heat, energetic spirits worked hard at the customary deck games. The quarter-deck man made a target, and lithe, graceful girls, betraying a hint of the Andalusian attitude, dexterously threw them towards the goal. Tighty-cased matrons, who even in the tropics clung to the tradition of the corset, became purple-faced and panting in meritorious efforts to hit the bullseye. Quoits or bull-board played in close proximity to the galley; while men sought to work off their superfluous strength indulging in boisterous games of cricket, the scores when the ball was on the uncertain level of the pitch, were more remarkable than centuries.

Albany, being the first colonial town of our expedition, naturally aroused an interest greater than its importance warranted. The town resolved itself into a disjointed line of timbered wooden houses, punctuated by gaunt telegraph poles.

The country surrounding that portion of King Island was



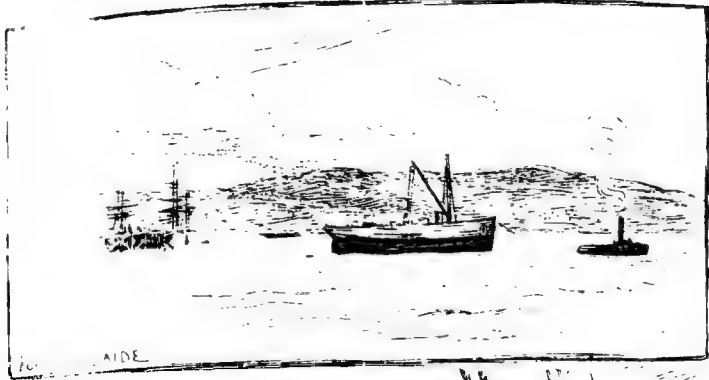
appeared still to border on the primeval. When driven by the heat, a glimpse of the ugly iguana so prized by the aborigines was caught, and one passenger brought on board a specimen of the strange lizard known locally as the Mountain Devil.

It being the middle of the bounteous Australian spring, the wild flowers encroached even on the town.



SERVICE ON DECK



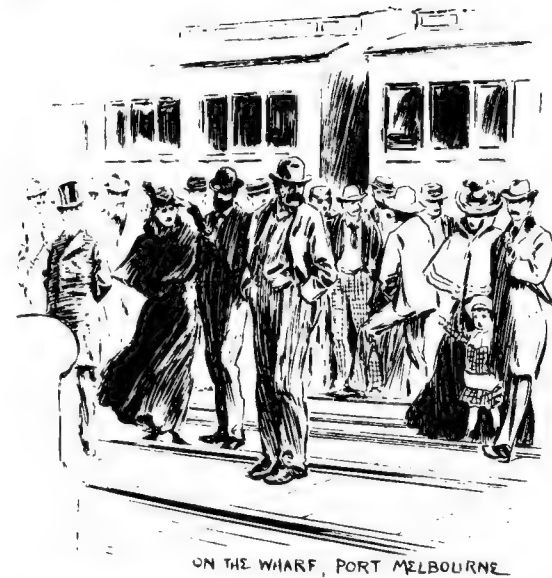


In the sleepy street we encountered the shopkeeper, carrying a great armful of lovely autumn flowers. "Get 'em for the pickin' here," he said, as we exchanged greetings. "The growing wild all about the ditches." And so it was, and any number of strange wild flowers and flowering shrubs also.

A cluster of blossoms, gleaned at random from a bush of fragrance, held two varieties of the "cattle brush": one having a large bulbous-headed head of yellow, standing upright, a tuft of olive green, narrow, serrated leaves; the other, of less robust form, with its brilliant red flowers in tufts, the top being ornamented with a crest of scabrous leaves. There were also some specimens of a vivid blue blossom, several sprays of a fully-like white bloom, and a



NEARING SYDNEY  
"OUR HARBOUR SIR!"



ON THE WHARF, PORT MELBOURNE

cluster of both, thickly covered with purple and crimson pea-like flowers. Many beautiful grasses and some curious, fluffy wind-tails completed the bouquet, the whole making a goodly bunch whereof every item owned the alluring grace of unfamiliarity.

A train of cars was made at Port Adelaide. Lighters with cranes on board were towed out and lay alongside for the discharge of cargo. Some passengers embarked and disembarked. Few of us took the opportunity of visiting the city, which lies several miles by rail from the wharf.

Colonial influence now began to permeate the atmosphere of the ship, revealed in its abstract presence in the slightly louder voices and more pronounced manners of our new passengers; and its concrete

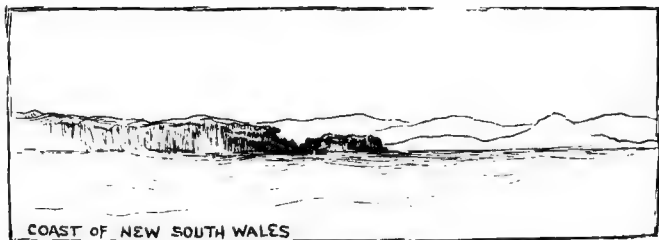


the medium of the tea that, in accordance with the custom of the Colonies, was served to them at every meal.

We were in Melbourne on a bleak day which had somehow become a succession of glorious ones. The people, shivering in the chill blast, looked wretched

and—probably owing to the large proportion of loafers—undesirable. And we secretly sympathised with the disappointing first impression made on those of our companions who had voyaged so far in quest of health or fortune.

Melbourne women have no souls. At least that is the avowed opinion of a man who professes to have studied them; and as he is likely to have gained a more correct view regarding their spiritual condition than I have had the opportunity of doing, I do not combat the point. Whether they possess souls or not, I can vouch for the fact that they own attractive bodies, to the adorning of which



COAST OF NEW SOUTH WALES

plenty of admirable ferry steamers, and a superabundance of mosquitoes.

We had arrived in New South Wales just in time to secure the last cabin of the *Waihora*, which left for New Zealand a few days later. Need it be stated that that cabin was situated at the stern, in close proximity to the screw? It had the minor advantages, however, of being on deck.

The *Waihora* is 2,003 tons burden, and the Tasman Sea, though not wide is deep and turbulent. During three of the five days we spent in crossing, a gale blew. The demon seasickness, which, during the giant rollers of the Bay of Biscay, the swell of the Mediterranean, the jumble of the Indian Ocean, and the "blow" off the Australian coast, had left us alone, now proceeded to make of us his prey.

From my lower berth, when the ship was comparatively steady, I could see the sky and watch occasional flights of the stately albatross; but these occasions were rare. Most frequently the vessel heeled over, the screw whirled madly in the air, and I found myself clutching on to the side of the berth looking down into a seething mass of waves.

"There are too many clergymen on board," opined the attentive stewardess, holding on by the door-post with one hand, while in the other she balanced a tray containing the sherry and biscuits or

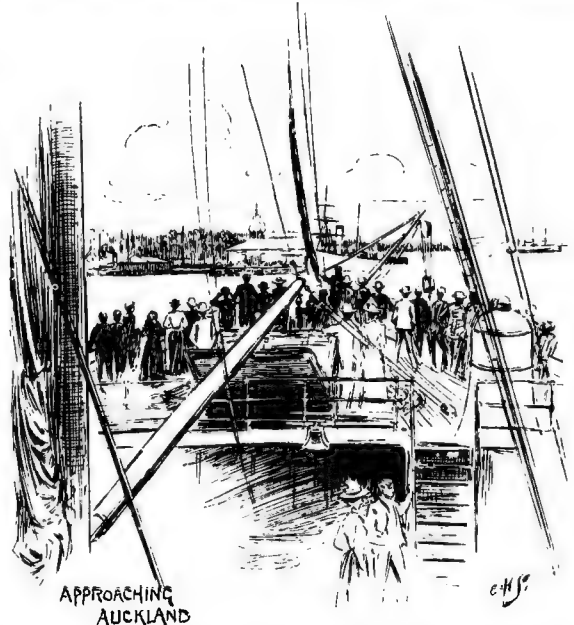


OFF THE NEW ZEALAND COAST

lemon squash which formed our conception of invalid sustenance. In common with those who earn their bread on deep waters, she cherished the superstition that the presence of the emissaries of religion conduces to storm.

When the tempest abated several pleasant surprises met us on board. In the Captain the Artist discovered an old schoolfellow, long absent from home, with whom he had much pleasure in discussing early days, while the Boy found unending amusement in taking private peeps at two baby lions, which were on their way to be shown at Auckland Exhibition.

All was fair sailing when, on a Sunday afternoon, we neared the North Cape of New Zealand, and saw Cape Maria Van Diemen to the west. A desolate, low, sandy bay near the North Cape was pointed out to us by the Captain as the Bay of Spirits, where the wraiths of expiring Maoris are believed to assemble before taking their final plunge into Eternity. Morning



APPROACHING AUCKLAND

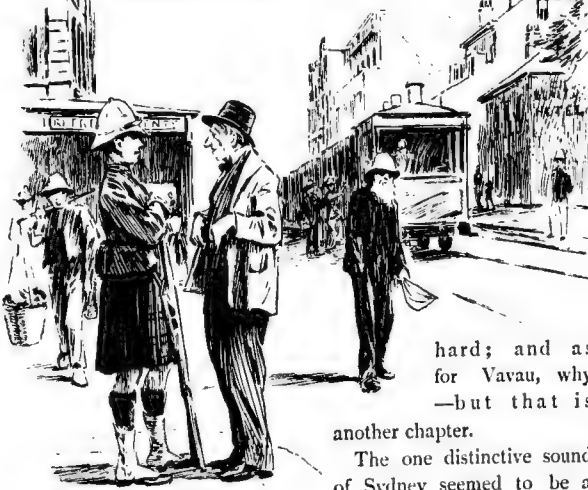
found us among the Hen and Chickens, the Poor Knights, and many other islands.

Sailing up the far-reaching Hauraki Gulf, it was inexpressibly touching to note the wistful, questioning silence of the emigrants, who were crowded in the bows, eager for a sight of their promised land. A little later we had passed close by Rangitoto, rounded the villa-covered North Head, and saw the widespread city of Auckland, and the thrice-welcome faces of the friends who awaited us on the wharf.

they devote abundant time and money. Their city, as is only seemly to form suitable background for these butterflies, is bright, smart and exhilarating. It is famed for street cars, tea shops and the Melbourne Cup. Apart from these modified glories, it has a good Art Gallery and plenty of light entertainments.

At Melbourne we transhipped to the *Austral*, as, owing to a delay caused by some accident to the *Austral's* propellor, the *Orient* was ordered to undertake her return journey. The *Austral* is a slightly younger and handsomer boat than the *Orient*, but we had become attached to the *Orient*, and it was with sincere regret that we said "Good-bye" to her. Then followed two days and nights of tossing, and we were in Sydney harbour.

That Sydney has a beautiful harbour is indisputable, but that it is the unique creation the townspeople profess to believe it can scarcely be conceded. All over the world there are others as fine. A near neighbour, Auckland, with its vast, island-studded gulf, and huge natural breakwater of Rangitoto, runs it



A SYDNEY STREET CORNER

hard; and as for Vavau, why—but that is another chapter.

The one distinctive sound of Sydney seemed to be a loud, sibilant whirr, penetrating and almost deafening. "What is that dreadful sound?" we asked the pleasant chambermaid—capless, and attired with that freedom as to colour and material which, on a first visit to the Colonies, strikes an English visitor oddly—who waited upon us at the hotel.

"That? Oh, that's just the frogs croaking in the Domain, that you hear," her manner implying that the noise was so much a matter of course that only newcomers noticed it. We felt a little dubious at the idea of frogs having power to fill the air with that insistent din; yet were not sufficiently conversant with the ways of the New South Wales fauna to question her assertion. It did not take us long to discover that the cry proceeded from the female members of the myriads of locusts which infested the Domain, as the beautiful public park is called. All the street arabs had their pockets full, and were willing to trade. The Artist had just bought one for twopence, when a little girl timidly tendered two more. "Oh, them's no good," scornfully interposed the first salesman. "Them's cocks, and cocks can't squeak!"

Sydney is a bright, pleasant town, with a good car service,

# The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

## "MAN AND HIS MAKERS"

LEARNED authorities assure us that the heredity in the new play at the LYCEUM is not the right sort of heredity—is, indeed, nothing better than an erroneous popular conception of the teachings of the recognised professors of that science. The point, however, is of little practical importance. The late M. Francisque Sarcey was never tired of reminding us that almost any view is admissible by way of postulate in a dramatic problem provided it is handled consistently and with sound dramatic instinct. Conformably with this doctrine, I do not see why it should not be granted that six-bottle ancestors imply six-bottle descendants, and that the female offspring of habitually unchaste mothers are very likely to be found one day, like Messrs. Wilson Barrett and L. N. Parker's Irene Fairholme, haunting Pall Mall in flaunting attire in the small hours of the morning. But the difficulty is that, having conceded this much, we are not able to detect any logical application of these views in the authors' story. The hero, John Radleigh, becomes a slave to alcohol and narcotics, but it is under circumstances which make it impossible to say whether this is an outbreak of hereditary tendencies. If it is it must be confessed that the hereditary virus has passed through a rather long period of incubation, for at the opening of the play John Radleigh is an eminent Q.C., and a man presumptively not much on the right side of middle age, and yet he is an habitually sober and orderly person. His own account of the matter is that it is disappointed love that subsequently drives him to evil habits, and so it would seem. His love for the beautiful Sylvia Faber is reciprocated; but her father, Sir Henry Faber, Q.C., who is a fanatical student of the science of heredity, has inquired into the history of Radleigh's progenitors, and has come to the conclusion that sooner or later—and in this case it certainly was later—their descendant would manifest symptoms of dipsomania. "Foredoomed! Foredoomed!" is his rather cruel answer to his visitor's pleadings; and Radleigh, instead of joining forces with Sylvia, as a lover of spirit and common sense would do, in resisting parental crotchettiness, resolves to confirm Sir Henry's forebodings by seeking relief in the chloral bottle, which he apostrophises as the "friend who has many times brought her back to me in fancy." This desperate resource is, by the way, all the more inexcusable because Sir Henry—who is clearly not a wise or politic person—has a strange habit of bringing his daughter to see her rejected suitor at afternoon teas in his chambers in the Temple. Why the chloral dream when he is indulged with the reality? Thus it befalls that Sylvia detects, by the smell, the presence of the drugs and stimulants, which Radleigh

keeps stored in an unlocked cupboard, and finally discovers her lover in a temporary fit of madness uttering wild exclamations and abortively scribbling verses on paper with a dry pen.

Thanks to the power of the acting of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Lena Ashwell this exciting incident brought down the drop curtain upon the second act amidst a tempest of applause. When it rose again upon the scene of Sylvia's boudoir, the spectators gathered that Radleigh had for some time disappeared from his former haunts, and in the following night scene in the Mall in St. James's Park the once prosperous Q.C. is discovered in a destitute condition, sleeping on one of the park benches among other miserable creatures of both sexes, who are supposed to be also victims of heredity, and living illustrations of "the Gospel of Despair." One of these is Irene Fairholme, an abandoned woman, who cherishes a secret passion for the fallen barrister. But a still more devoted friend is at hand in Sylvia Faber, who, on her way home from a ball, discovers her lost lover in this wretched plight, and has him removed to a place of safety. It is not till the rising of the curtain on the fourth and last act that the audience discover that the dramatists have a thesis to maintain which is that a man may, after all, defy heredity and "by mastering himself make his own destiny." Hitherto the evidence has seemed to be all the other way; but nearly ten years are supposed to have elapsed, and Radleigh, sustained by a pure and ennobling love, has cast off his old habits, risen to the Bench, and become a happy husband and father of children. The philosophy, it must be confessed, is a little puzzling. If love could save this impulsive Queen's Counsel between the second and third acts, why not between the first and second acts? And if Sylvia's obstinate parent was inexorable before the attack of dipsomania, why did he waive his objections after the terrible scene in the park? *Man and His Makers*, as will be seen, is an irrational and inconsequent play; but for all that it has scenes which impress, and the acting went far to atone for the defects of the story. Of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Lena Ashwell I have already spoken. Miss Maud Jeffries strives with considerable success to give sincerity to the somewhat melodramatic Irene, and the grave courtesy of Mr. J. H. Barnes's Sir Henry is almost pleasing enough to make us condone his mischievous crotchets.

## "THE SACRAMENT OF JUDAS"

Episodes of the terrible civil war in La Vendée are apt, in the hands of French playwrights, to follow a conventional pattern; but though it carries us back to those terrible times there is no lack of freshness or dramatic vigour in the little play by M. Louis Tiercelin, of which an English version by Mr. L. N. Parker, entitled *The Sacrament of Judas*, was brought out at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre on Monday evening. Bernez, the hero of this interesting little drama, is a village schoolmaster and ex-priest, who helps to conceal his feudal lord, the Comte de Kevern, from the vengeance of the Republicans, only to discover that he has corrupted the honour of Jeffik, the daughter of Jean Gillon, an honest Breton

peasant, to whom Bernez is betrothed. Thirsting for revenge, Bernez declares that his enemy shall "die the death of a priest to absolve him from his sins." But his old friend, the Comte de Kevern, returns; he relents so far as to give absolution; and the exciting influence of the position, he repents of his abandonment of his priestly functions, and while aiding his unworthy son-in-law, is shot dead by the soldiers in his stead. All this may appear stage conventionality rather than of anything of the kind cognisant outside the walls of the theatre, but in the hands of the mind of the spectator to the key of his story, exhibits throughout a true dramatic instinct. Robertson's impersonation of the conscience-stricken Comte is a deeply impressive performance, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Mr. Fernald's new Japanese romance the little play holds its place for long to come in the bill of this theatre.

Besides the GAIETY, which, as already known, is to be added to the new thoroughfare from the Strand to Holborn, the London County Council have acquired, for similar purposes, the NEW OLYMPIC, which will thus have enjoyed but a brief existence. Nor does this exhaust the list of theatres "scheduled" for demolition. The GLOBE and the OPERA COMIQUE, neither of which is much more than thirty years old, are also doomed, and will be long disappared.

The perennial *Belle of New York* at the SHARPE'S Theatre reached on Monday evening last its six hundredth performance. Nevertheless, the management appear to be looking forward to a still greater length of days—or, rather, nights and days—since the burlesque has just been provided with new songs, costumes, and new scenery, not to speak of a "ladies' land," which now introduces the "Purity Brigade."

To-night the COURT Theatre re-opens with the new Robert Marshall's new "comedy of romance," entitled *A Royal Family*, in which the principal parts will be played by Mr. Paul Arthur, Miss Gertrude Elliott, Mr. Dion Bouicault, Miss Ada Blomson, Mr. Eric Lewis, Mrs. Charles Calvert, Master W. Denny, Mr. James Erskine, Mr. George Bellamy, and Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald.

To-day (Saturday) Sir Henry Irving and his company will sail from Liverpool to fulfil their long round of professional engagements, which will detain them in the United States till close upon Easter next. It is gratifying to know that their tour in England and Scotland, which has been brought to a close at Liverpool this week, has been successful beyond all precedent. They will appear in M. Sardou's *Robespierre* at the KNICKERBOCKER Theatre, New York, on Monday, the 30th inst.



STORING HELMETS IN PIGEON HOLES



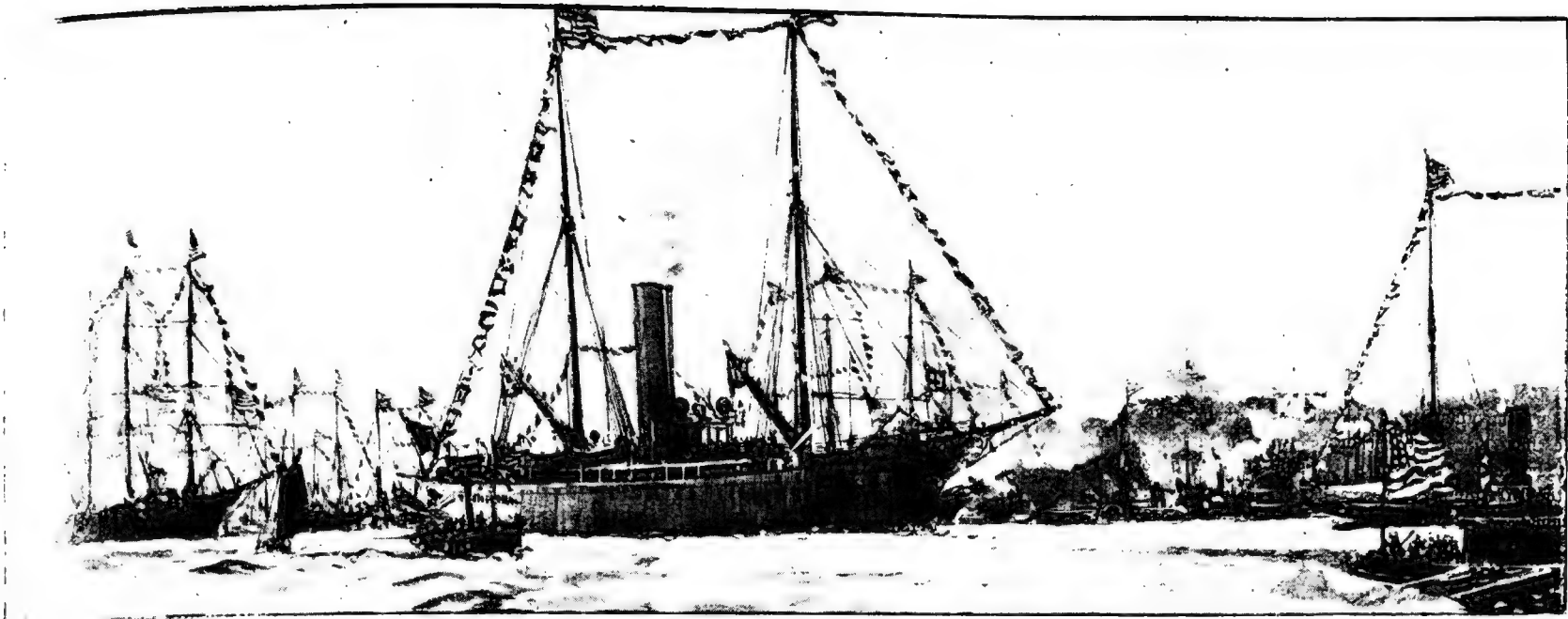
REFRESHMENTS IN THE RAILWAY SHED

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

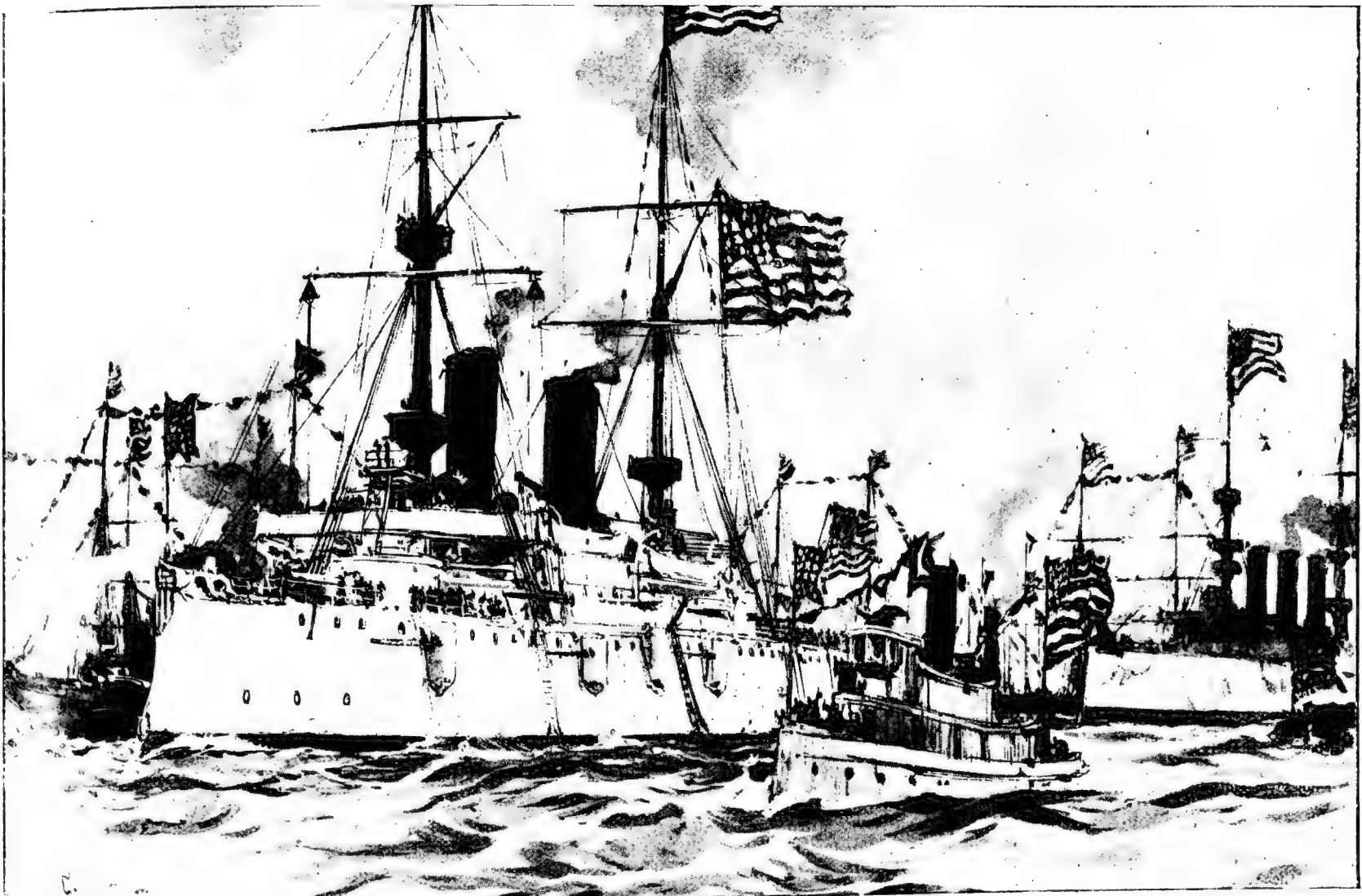
FROM SKETCHES BY F. C. DICKINSON

WAR PREPARATIONS: A DETACHMENT OF THE ARMY SERVICE CORPS EMBARKING ON THE "BRAEMAR CASTLE"

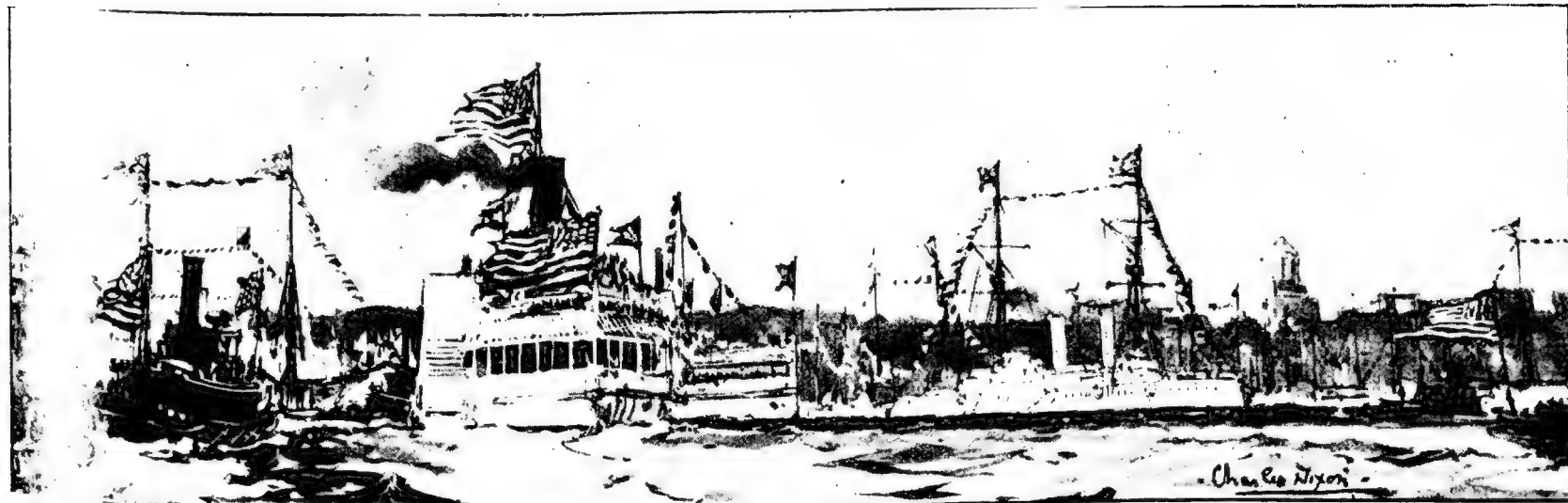




SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S STEAM YACHT "ERIN" LEADING THE STARBOARD SQUADRON



THE "OLYMPIA" GOING UP THE NORTH RIVER



THE "OLYMPIA" OFF GRANT'S TOMB

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0 5 by 7 3 4 4 0 12 11 by 9 6 7 4 0

10 4 by 7 5 4 14 0 12 4 by 10 7 7 11 0

10 4 by 7 7 5 0 0 12 11 by 10 2 7 14 0

11 0 by 8 0 5 2 0 13 1 by 9 11 8 7 0

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### The Church Congress

THE principal features of this year's Church Congress, which, by the way, inaugurates an entirely new departure in that for the first time it is being held in London, have been so far the Primate's remarkable plea for unity, and the Bishop of London's Presidential address. The former followed immediately the reception of the members of the Congress at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, and was in many ways a remarkable and almost passionate plea for peace within the Church. The Archbishop was looking ill, and was obviously severely handicapped by weakness, but he carried out his promise to preach to the huge congregation gathered within St. Paul's notwithstanding, arguing with intense earnestness that nothing was more important than the re-union of Christendom, the first step towards which was that we should give much that we desired and believed to be of real value for the sake of peace. If real peace could be attained by learning the lessons of mutual charity and toleration, following the course marked out by those in authority, and surrendering our prejudices and special tastes to promote unity, it might be possible for the Church herself to mark out her own course, and give her whole strength to the task imposed upon her. The great need of the Church at this moment was peace within her own borders.

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New Novels

"LITTLE NOVELS OF ITALY"

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT, the author of "The Forest Lovers," has followed that reproduction of the whole form and spirit of mediæval romance by an even more striking achievement in the way of revival. The five tales called "Little Novels of Italy" (Chapman and Hall) might almost have been originally written in the Italian of Boccaccio—not *by* Boccaccio, however, but by a Messer Maurice Hewlett, say of Florence, living in the earlier days of the *Renaissance*, and not so much an imitator but a pioneer. As it is, one can only say that he must have so saturated himself with his period and his models that they have become part or himself, and affect his originality no more than a man's natural shape is altered by his clothes. It is idle, under such circumstances, to blame his stories for exhibiting the characteristic faults as well as merits of their time. The novelists who are his real contemporaries were not conspicuous for an excess either of reverence or of delicacy. But then their modern representative no more goes out of his way to give offence than they did; and he is especially like them in their unlikeness to the novelists of a later time, inasmuch as they wrote frankly to amuse. Of course, the stories contain the inevitable dash of satire, as where (in "Madonna of the Peach-Tree") a very terrestrial young woman indeed is taken for a celestial apparition; or (in "Ippolita of the Hills") all the poets, scholars and fine ladies of Padua bored a pretty peasant girl by elevating her into an æsthetic goddess. Such topics are always young. The chief distinction of Mr. Hewlett's work is its reproduction, in all points, of a phase of the youth of fiction without giving the impression of a mere *tour de force*, or making the reader feel that fiction lost its youth long and long ago.

"JASPAR TRISTRAM"

Mr. A. W. Clarke describes his "Jaspar Tristram" (William Heinemann) as "a story." "Story," in the current acceptance of the word, is just what it is not. It is an application of the microscope to the thoughts and emotions of an exceedingly unpleasant sort of lad from his arrival at his first school to the end of his first two or three years of early manhood. The notes of his character from first to last—for it never changes—are morbid imaginativeness; a limitless vanity which he mistakes for ambition and genius alternating, very occasionally, with abject self-contempt; sensuality; envy; jealousy; and a craving for sympathy which compels him invariably to say or do the most foolish possible thing at the worst possible time. He is, moreover, a systematic actor, with himself for audience if he can find no better; his efforts to lash himself into the proper poetic state of mind at the funeral of a girl with whom he had deliberately worked himself up into a grand passion are described with a remarkable insight into a character not worth the trouble of serious study. There are many young persons whose apparent *mauvaise honte* is merely the disguise of a self-tormenting vanity. As a rule, the state does not last long; and, no doubt, in a year or two more, Jaspar Tristram will develop into a satisfactory under-secretary. If we all wrote our juvenile biographies, what psychological tragedies would be unveiled! One wonders at the skill with which Mr. A. W. Clarke has made so much—in quality as well as in quantity—out of what must have been really so little.

"HUGH GWYETH"

"Hugh Gwyeth: A Roundhead Cavalier," by Beulah Marie Dix (Macmillan and Co.), is a novel of the sort suggested by its title, and neither better nor worse than nine of the same sort out of any ten. It narrates the adventures of a lad who runs away from a Parliamentary home to find his father, a soldier of fortune in the Royal service, whom he had not seen since his babyhood, and who rejects him with contempt when found. Hugh's filial instinct, however, is not to be rebuffed, and his simplicity and gallantry



A BOER FATHER AND SON READY FOR THE FRONT  
THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS  
From a Photograph by Horace W. Nicholls

finally so win the heart of the fierce and proud old soldier that, after a desperate fight shoulder to shoulder, father and son, as captain and cornet, are left riding forth to further exploits "knee to knee." As is the rule in stories of this order, the feminine element is only the barest sacrifice to convention. Sanguinary battles, fatal duels, headlong gallops, hair-breadth escapes and so forth, keep the more or less historic stage in all the customary turmoil, and to such good effect that a reader not yet surfeited with similar excitements

is likely to find himself in peril of such a state by the time that the tremendous adventures of Hugh Gwyeth come to a temporary stop, without an end.

"THE UNTOLD HALF"

The magnificent Alpine scenery of New Zealand provides the best possible setting for "Alien's" "The Untold Half" (Hutchinson and Co.). For the novel is a real Highland romance, demanding a more unsophisticated condition both of nature and of human nature than is any longer to be found with any certainty among the hills of the old world. Certainly its heroine requires no common background for the display of her genius for self-sacrifice. She throws in her lot with the drunken ruffian, her father, of whose existence she had known nothing till she was a grown woman, so that she might not hurt the career or the happiness of the man she loved, and she weds one whom she did not love because he had lost his sight at her father's hands. Fortunately the husband was well worth a sacrifice which resulted in happiness. But there are bitter trials for both before the end, and the result of them is a pathetic and interesting story, not without a certain scenic interest to give it distinction.

Westminster School

THE "Annals of Westminster School," by John Sargeant (Methuen), mainly deals with the school from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign until the end of the last century, the author having but little to tell us of the school and scholars of our time. Originally, the school appears to have held some relation to the Collegiate Church of St. Peter's. "The school," says the author, "was an integral part of the college." A few years later we read, "In 1540 Abbot Benson and his twenty-four monks surrendered the Abbey to the King, who at once erected it into a college of secular canons. The new foundation included provision for a school of two masters and forty scholars, and Benson was appointed its Dean. In this form the college lasted for a few months, for in the following December it was changed into a Cathedral, and Thomas Thirlby nominated its bishop."

The real interest of the book, and also of the history of the school, begins at the time when Busby was appointed headmaster in 1637. The school was Royalist to the last boy, and when the apprentices attacked the Abbey, the King's Scholars mustered in its defence, and "gloried in, if they did not cause, the death of the assailants' leader." "By the end of Busby's time Westminster had become a nursery of Statesmen. Of the Ministers of William and Anne . . . Charles Montagu, Dorset, Dartmouth, the Admiral's son, Rivers, Peterborough, Henry Boyle, and others were Westminsterers. Of the First Lords of the Treasury, in the reigns of George I. and his son, four out of nine, and of Secretaries of State five, if not six, out of fifteen, were their schoolfellows." Busby was succeeded by Thomas Knipe, and after him came Freind, Atterbury, Nicoll, Markham, and Smith. During the early part of this century the school was at its lowest ebb, but under Liddell it began to improve. In nine years the number of boys increased from ninety to 140. The improvement continued under his successor, Dr. Scott, in whose time it was put upon a sound financial basis.

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The New Musical Season

THE autumn musical season opened in London on Saturday, and the date almost synchronised with the resumption of musical activity in the provinces. For it is in the country that music best flourishes during the winter months, and it is in the provinces that the vocal and other artists earn by far the larger portion of their incomes. Choral music, although of late almost neglected in London, is to be in strong demand throughout the country during the present winter, and it is computed that in various parts of the kingdom there are upwards of 3,000 choirs, each of whom will give from one to six choral concerts during the winter season. The favourite novelties this year seem to be Mr. Coleridge Taylor's *Hiawatha* and his *Alimulaha*, which is to be produced at the Hanley Festival next week, and these works are to be performed in upwards of a dozen towns. Also this year there are to be tours by Mr. Sims Reeves (whose journey has indeed already begun), Madame Albani, Madame Melba, Madame Patti, the Meister Glee Singers, and numerous others.

OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE SEASON

The season at the Crystal Palace opened on Saturday with the first of the forty-fourth annual series of concerts directed by Mr. Manns. The audience found the concert room newly re-decorated, and there was a more than usually large attendance for a programme which comprised Mozart's Symphony in E flat, Schumann's Piano-forte Concerto, conscientiously played by Mr. Dawson, Sullivan's "Sapphire Necklace" overture and other familiar works, together with a Violin Concerto expressly written by M. Benjamin Godard for M. Johannes Wolff. The Concerto, which is in the key of G minor, is more or less virtuoso music, except as to the last movement, which is a vivacious rondo, and is the most interesting section. Immediately after this performance M. Wolff went to Wolfsgarten in order, at the request of the Grand Duke of Hesse, to play before the Tsar and Tsarina. But he is expected back this afternoon in order to appear at Madame Albani's concert at St. James's Hall.

QUEEN'S HALL CONCERTS

The Promenade Concert season will close next week, but meanwhile the second part of every programme is now devoted to patriotic music. On Saturday night the huge audience again joined heartily in "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen," and also in a species of impromptu chorus accompanying Mr. Hayden Coffin's singing of "Tommy Atkins," at the close of which, finding a huge artilleryman in the promenade, they carried him shoulder high around the building. The novelties introduced last week were a somewhat over-ambitious symphonic piece by that clever young composer, Miss Amy Horrocks, based upon Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Romaunt of the Page," besides some Polish dances orchestrated by Moszkowski, and Tschaiowsky's paraphrase of themes by Mozart.

"THE PRINCE OF BORNEO"

We are, it seems, to have a good many new comic operas in the course of the present autumn, amongst others a new Persian opera from the pen of Sir Arthur Sullivan, already in rehearsal at the Savoy, a version of the popular German opera, *The Snow Man*, at the Lyceum, and comic operas at the Lyric and elsewhere. The

first of the series, *The Prince of Borneo*, which has been produced at the Strand, was, although described as an "operatic farce," more or less of the "musical comedy" order, and it depended a good deal upon the brightness of the dresses, the prettiness of the girls' faces, and the sprightliness of the dancing, rather than upon either music or libretto. The music, indeed, is the weak part of this work, for although it is light and melodious, and quite within the very modest vocal means of this or any other company likely to be engaged, yet it is conventional and otherwise not particularly interesting. The fantastic story is that of an American painter who is mistaken for a young gentleman from Borneo, the nephew of a general who is daily expected to join his uncle at Naples, and to marry his cousin, the general's pretty daughter. As the nephew is already wedded, and as the general's daughter vastly prefers the artist, matters are eventually arranged on this basis. The fun of the piece, however, falls to Mr. Wheeler, as the painter's negro servant, whom everybody persists in believing to be the Prince of Borneo.

In Artistic Mace

THE mace executed for the Duke of Norfolk for presentation to the City of Sheffield, as a memorial of his having been its first Lord Mayor, is made entirely of hand-beaten silver by Messrs. Ramsden and Carr, Stamford Bridge. It has been produced under the same conditions as were the masterpieces of Cellini and the other great craftsmen of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The design of the mace has been founded on traditional lines of the best maces of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, while the ornament applied has a distinct symbolical or historical meaning. The head is surmounted by a Royal crown. On the arches of the crown rest the orb and cross. Below the crown and inside the head, fitting as a lid, are the Royal Arms in rich *repoussé*. These, with the other arms and symbolism displayed, have been worked out under the advice of Mr. W. H. St. John Hope. On one side of the head are the Arms of Sheffield, on the other those of the Duke of Norfolk. Midway between these are two York roses. The intervening space is entirely covered with oak leaves and acorns, the badge of the Duke of Norfolk. Between two brightly burnished mouldings in base runs the motto of the City "Deo adjuvante, labor proficit." And underneath this is the quaint inscription, "Imar Ramsden and Alwyn C. E. Carr made me in the year of our Lord, 1899."

The head is supported by eight wrought brackets, which spring from a ball of twisted swirling bands. The staff is decorated with a low relief design of pomegranates. The knot in the middle is also wrought with pomegranates. The pomegranate was the badge of Mary Tudor, from her mother, Catherine of Arragon. Queen Mary gave the first charter to Sheffield.




Decorative Art in Regent Street

ALTHOUGH there are probably fewer exhibits and less eccentricities, and certainly less remarkable absurdities, in the present exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society than those which have given a peculiar *cachet* to the last triennial display, there is the same sense of confusion in the arrangement, and, in certain classes of exhibits, the same fatal taint of amateurishness. The catalogue, which should be of help, is not a model of clearness, and it is no index to help the visitor out, although such a clue is referred to in the Notes. His best method, then, is to refer to the difficulties of the bewildering *olla podrida* scheme as the exhibits are displayed, by resignedly glancing from one to another, from gesso to jewellery, and so forth, in their proper sequence, with what benefit he may. Cabinet, fender, enamel, tapestry, embroidered d'oyley, painted screen, wood, iron church-gate, carpet, chess-men, piano, books, and the rest—he must flit along from one to another, without the want of classification which gives the exhibition the appearance of a well-stocked shop.

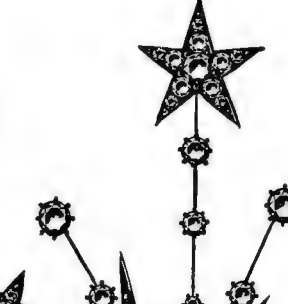
But no shop in London can give evidence of so manifest a design allied to such unequal merit of execution. The "finish"—not mechanical polishing-up, be it understood, but workmanlike, craftsmanlike excellence of completeness—is remarkably evident. In the section of jewellery, for example, the striving after the perfection of French work—the school of Laffay—is evident; but the executants are in nearly every case to be deplorably, hopelessly handicapped by the painfully obvious want of technical skill. The effort is extremely praiseworthy, of course, but it is only too evident that these amateur jewellers and enamellers have begun at the wrong end; at least, they seem to believe that they may cultivate the Art while neglecting the skill of the designer. These enthusiasts—whose enthusiasm we assure would be the last to dash—would actually form a school of Primitive decorative arts, just as there were once Primitives in painting, who forgot that the best and most admired of the genuine Primitives could paint, however deficient they may have been in naturalism. Similarly, in the furniture section we have a display of which, with few exceptions, the main characteristic seems to be clumsiness, even when it is not downright ugliness. The workmanship seems to be honest and sincere; and the doors and drawers often work with ease; but the object has frequently some lamentable failing in design, decorative or constructional. Thus, Mr. Macartney's interesting cabinet in unpolished teak seems to be much too light in the sub-structure, as it vibrates ominously when handled. Now, it is an essential merit in chests of drawers that they should not wobble when used. Perhaps the most successful piece is the beautiful rosewood cabinet with old silver mounts of Mr. W. A. S. Benson—one of the most satisfactory exhibits in the show.

But there are many objects of real beauty in what may be called, in the better sense, this variety show—and of interest as well as beauty. There is the printing, in which the best examples of the Chiswick Press and the Essex House Press surpass in charm and utility combined, the more exotic, or at least antiquated and affected, distinction of the Kelmscott and "Vale" type. But the page decorations of Mr. Ricketts are alike elegant, ingenious, and delightful. The artist is dainty and skilful, also, in his illumination on vellum, and original and felicitous in his graceful book-bindings—a section,


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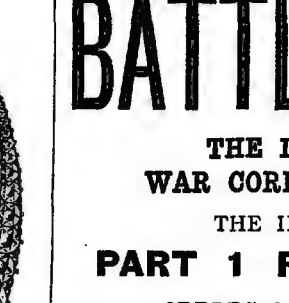
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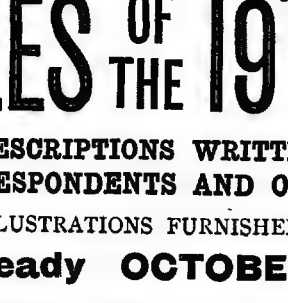
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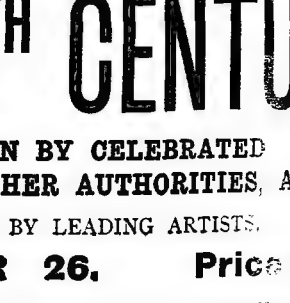
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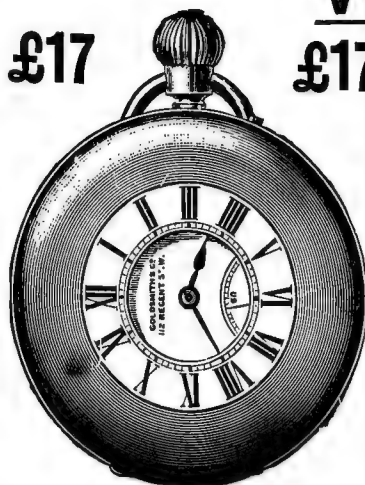
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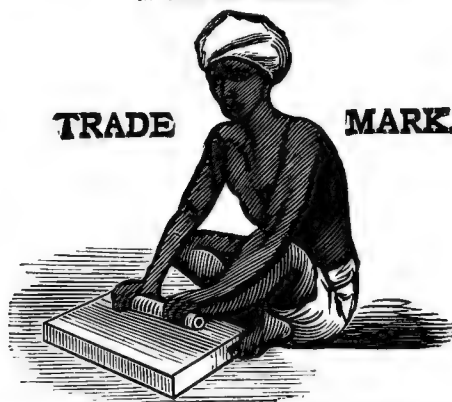
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however, in which Mr. Cobden Sanderson excels all competitors. It is only to be regretted that this accomplished craftsman adopts a form of lettering in which affectation becomes absurd, for he does not hesitate, for example, to place a "u" inside an "o" simply for the sake of effect. The lovely design in coloured relief by Mr. Anning Bell—"Music and Dancing;" the fine blown glass by Mr. Harry Powell, in the German manner; the lead and pewter work, textiles, and a number of other exhibits are extremely pleasing, and likely to induce a popular demand.

### Rural Notes

#### THE SEASON

THE year has held its own in the matter of rainfall, but this is all that it has been able to accomplish. The good rainfall of January, February, April, and September accumulated a store sufficient to balance a very dry March and July, and an almost entirely rainless August. The position would be very satisfactory but for one important fact. Last year had only 19.10 inches of rainfall, and the average of the last twenty years is 26.58 inches. Thus a deficiency of 7.48 inches in the supply to the subsoil was indicated on January 1, and this deficiency is to-day there. If we have a wet period from November to April, each month adding an inch to the mean, matters will be nice and level for the May flowers of 1900; on the other hand, such weather would be against grain sowings and threshings, would be bad for the lambs, and would breed agues, rheumatism, and the twenty other complaints

associated with continued damp. If we don't have any such moisture, the thirst of the subsoil will dry the surface soil from below with great rapidity, and crops in 1900 will almost certainly be gravely deficient as a consequence. Sir John Lawes, in his



The above remarkable photograph, which appears in this week's *Golden Penny*, shows a man jumping across the stand rock in the "dells of Wisconsin," at a height of 110 feet, the jump being five and a half feet.

AN EXTRAORDINARY JUMP

interesting letter on the crops of 1899, shows that already the strain of a dry season has been considerable. Our crops have been the main yielded well, but the good result has been confined to the crops of the capitalist, that is to say, of those fields which are fertilised and fortified by added manure. Where manure was literally applied, the hot summer gave over 42 bushels of wheat weighing over 61 lb. to the bushel, the average yield of the best manured land being a little over 35 bushels weighing 48 lb. to the bushel. But on unmanured land, that is to say, on the natural soil of England, at its prairie or agrarian value, only 12.7-8th bushels were grown against an average of 12.7-8th bushels. The old England had been a country confiding to natural agriculture, and we should, despite the brilliant sunshine, have had a poor average wheat harvest. Of the 31 bushels per acre put in by the country, the capitalist has contributed 19 bushels, the peasant only 12 bushels.

RICHMOND AND WIMBLEDON

Good news and bad news come blended from these Surrey parishes, which, despite their close neighbourhood to London, still keep so much of their rural charm. The termination of the 1 year trust will enable the Earl of Dysart to carry out the plan, friendly to the Richmond, Ham, and Petersham parishes, with which, as the leading landowner of the district, he has long been connected. The trust tied the hands of the trustees, who for twenty years after the death of the last Earl, were bound to admit on the great Surrey estates of the Tollemaches and Scotts on lines of lease or free. There is now a good chance of the area of open space S.W. of London being in this direction extended, and of the driving path west of Richmond being much widened and improved. The bad



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Is as perfectly made as the inventive skill of the day can produce.  
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**HAIR DYE**

news from Wimbledon is that a light railway is to be run by the London County Council right across Wimbledon Common. This abominable proposal was little heeded when made, as the consent of the Conservators of the Common was necessary, and nobody believed this could be obtained. But by some means the Conservators have been "got" over or talked over, and the worst outrage on the open-air rights of London which has been committed since Burton's Piece at Chelsea was seized by the War Office in 1889, is now nearly, if not quite, an accomplished fact. Is it too much to hope that the London M.P.'s will unite to bring in a Bill rescinding the powers under which the railway can be made?

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES

The cold winds which set in about the autumnal equinox warned the swallows that summer was over, and during the past week the hirundines have been assembling in great flocks ready for departure. The swifts have already gone. The last was seen at Budleigh,

Salterton, on September 28, and even this is late. A very rare butterfly, *Colias Hyale*, has been taken at Oxford. The last recorded capture there was in 1892. The death's head moth has been less scarce than usual this season. The saffron butterfly, *C. Edusa*, has this year extended its range to Ireland. Although fairly common in England, and very abundant in France, this butterfly had been hitherto unknown in Ireland. A small noctua moth, *N. Plusia Moneta*, has become quite common this year. The Red Admiral butterfly, *V. Atalanta*, has been more common this season than any other Vanessa. The small tortoiseshell is getting comparatively rare. The goat moth caterpillar has been taken of late in several places on ash and willow. It is full fed in September after two years in the tree. The tree suffers much from its voracity, but it is a rare species of insect in Great Britain. The "Journal" of the Board of Agriculture states that the wood leopard moth seems to be less scarce than of yore. The title *Zeuzera Esculi* is taken from the caterpillar's former

custom of feeding on the chestnut tree, but it seems now to be taking to pear trees in preference—a taste much regretted by the owners of orchards. The caterpillar of the ordinary garden white butterfly, *P. Brassicae*, has been extremely destructive this season.

PEDIGREE ANIMALS

Addressing the Gloucestershire farmers the other day the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Long, said that while our animals might be rendered unprofitable on account of foreign competition, England was likely not only to retain her present pre-eminence as a breeder of fine live stock, but was likely to become more and more the storehouse on which foreigners could draw and would draw for pedigree stock, pure bred stallions, bulls and rams, for the improvement of local breeds. The increased purchases for Argentine and Canada were very gratifying, and the European buyers were also increasing in number.

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**Soft White Hands**  
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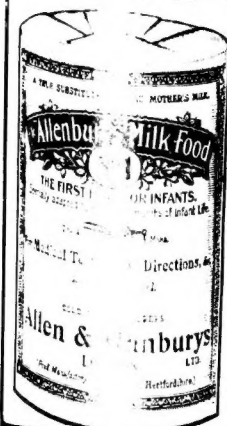
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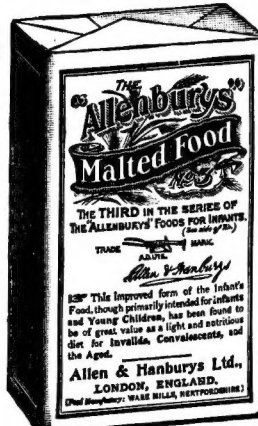
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